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The Seed

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1970

SEED

CHICAGO VOL 4 NO13 35 CENTS



Friday the 13th Feature
SEED
1970-1971

The sun came out a few times while we were putting this issue together, and you could smell the weed as the freak components of the World Brain stumbled out of their caves. It is time for renewal.

We need it. Energy is low. Abbie and Dave and Tom and Jerry and Rennie and Lee and John have joined Bobby in jail, and lawyers seem headed down the chute real soon, unless all the national street-fighting of the last two weeks forces the liberals to rip bail off from the Court of Appeals. The Chicago 15, the Illinois 7, and the Weathermen are all scheduled for the railroad. People are leaving the Seed, the cities, and even in a few cases, the planet.

Only a flaming asshole like Sheriff Joe Woods would bring pictures of clipped Conspirators out to honkie heaven for the matrons and their castrates to dig on. But this is a time for flaming assholes to "wipe on."

People are sending "Julius for President" letters to the Daley papers. Kay Richards is making a fortune telling about what she went through turning her thumb down as a Conspiracy juror. Judge Robeson gags the Chicago 15 before they even start their trial. Somebody wrote that "the fangs of Spiro bite deep." Be sure to put some garlic and wolfbane on the windowsill. It's always darkest before the dawn.

It acts on us, too, and sometimes we wander away from the community. This is Volume 4, Number 13, and we hope that it brings us closer to you, even as it brings us closer to an awareness of exactly how important it is to change things around. Together we can find the ways.

If you want to lay ideas, articles, artwork, poems, bread, etc. on us, write to 2551 N. Halsted, Chicago 60614, or call 929-0133 or 929-0134. Rate cards are available to all you advertisers, but please note the change on the Seek and Find page.

This issue is the collective output of the Seed and its friends: Yossarian, Shelley, Rita, Marshall, Lynda, Wanderoo, Georges II and III, Abe, Eliot, Armando and Sue.

Everybody back at the house...

Everybody who fell in to do the Conspiracy Special; especially Tex Shero, Alice from Dallas, Paul and Skip, and Penny...

The Black Panther Party newspaper, the Illinois Chapter newsletter, the Rat, Sandy Darlington from Good Times, LNS, Al Katzman of EVO, and all those Feedback writers...

The Brothers Sinclair, Peter Solt, Karl-Heinz Meschbach, Benet, Lisa, Burt, and all the other poets.

This issue is for all political prisoners. See ya soon.



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IWW	2440 N. Lincoln	549-5045
Young Patriots	1421 W Wilson	334-8957
LADO	2734 W Division	276-7314
YLO/PEOPLE'S CHURCH	834 W Armitage	
Chi Peace Council	343 S Dearborn	922-6578

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LSD Rescue		338-6750
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No. Shore Anti-Draft		475-2260
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Amer. Friends	207 S Dearborn	427-2533

ACLU	6 S Clark	236-5564
Law Student Comm.	357 E Chicago	649-8462
People's Law	2156 N Halsted	929-1880

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Police Emergency		765-1313
Audy Home	2240 W Roosevelt	633-2300
Cook County Jail	26th & California	523-0101
Ombudsman	Box 8080, Chi 60680	744-8080

Poor screwed again

There is a venerated axiom the establishment exhorts to poor people as self-evident. It goes—"If you people would only stop being so disruptive (or lazy), work within the system, and play by the rules: you can change things, arrive at self determination, and make the system a beneficent servant." Well, the Poor People's Coalition in Chicago's Lincoln Park area tried. They played by every rule the system threw at them to construct, for themselves, a low income housing project on a cleared two-and-a-half acre plot on Larrabee Street. The system decreed, however, that the people should not be granted such a heady foray into self-determination. Their plan was turned down flat.

The end for the PPC plan came at a meeting of the Department of Urban Renewal in the City Council chambers at a February 11th afternoon meeting, when Lewis Hill, Commissioner of the Urban Renewal Department, and a Daley puppet, triumphantly told the 300 Coalition members and sympathizers that he was awarding the bid to the Hartford Construction Company. The PPC proposal had 70 units with 40 percent for the poor (it would have been entirely for the poor if the PPC thought it stood any chance of acceptance by the renewal board) and the Hartford bid was for 63 units with 15 percent for the poor. The PPC plan was supported editorially by three newspapers and was recommended by an overwhelming 11-2 vote of the Community Conservation Council of Lincoln Park. The recommendation of this Daley-appointed local council had never before in its eight-year history been overturned by the Urban Renewal Commission until the PPC vote. The Commission explained this unprecedented step by saying it could not "delegate its decision-making responsibility to others." Namely, the poor people of the community.

The people were denied the right to speak even though Hill had earlier said "everyone who wants to speak will get a chance." He did this despite the fact he had earlier allowed other people to speak for and against other renewal proposals. At first the people reacted with an unbelieving stunned silence to the announcement of the Hartford plan's acceptance. Then came boos and yells. Moments past, then Pieter Clark, 30, a member of the Citizens Survival Front, bolted from the gallery, bounded across the tables and implored the brothers to join him. His call was answered when members of the Young Lords jumped over the rail, and a "no smoking" sign was hurled from the back of the room, missing the seated commissioners.

The commissioners, however, had thoughtfully summoned up a squad of leather-jacketed pigs to keep the people down. The Red Squad photographers were also there. Clark was grabbed by his arms and legs and yanked from the room. The pigs used his head to butt open the door. It was all over in a few seconds. Most of the people had come to speak, still harboring a lingering belief in the "democratic process," and they were not prepared to fight. But one white middleclass mother said: "Next time I'll leave my kids home and go over the rail with the Lords." The daily papers the next day called it a "melee" and a "near riot," but the only violence in that room was committed by Lew Hill as Daley's spokesman.

The PPC had traveled a long and torturous road to be dealt with so shabbily at the hands of the city administration. In June, members organized and formed a non-profit corporation for the express purpose of making their own bid on the Larrabee Street property. They hired Howard Alan, an architect and resident of the area to draw up their plans. They called on the McCormick Theological Seminary to make good on their promise to supply money for local projects. Mildly reluctant at first, the Seminary, after coaxing, responded with payment of the architectural and legal fees, and a promise

of \$40,000 "seed money" if the plan was accepted. Every legal avenue was explored, and the renewal bid package was examined and re-examined.

Alan's architectural plan offered spaciousness to each unit, while incorporating ideas to keep the overall construction costs down. The most innovative feature of his plan was a nearly 10-foot wide terrace that ran the length of each floor of the four separate three-story structures. Alan did it because "that is how the people want to live. The people in this neighborhood interact far more than people in middleclass neighborhoods, so the terrace concept affords this kind of accessibility."

What the terrace did was to offer a sort of street and sidewalk atmosphere on each of the three stories. "I showed my plan to the Coalition and people in the neighborhood and I never got one negative feedback, not one," said Alan. The architectural consultants to the renewal board, however, saw Alan's terrace plan another way. Examining it through their white middleclass eyes, they conceded Alan's plan was architecturally "potentially the most exciting," but attacked the terrace because it afforded little privacy—which of course happened to be the very point. The Commission seized on this lame excuse to reject the overall plan. Their real reason was something else.

When the PPC's first plan became known, it brought instant outrage from the property owners in and around the area. These people circulated petitions, often employing dishonest tactics to get signatures. When they came to the door of one woman (who was a strong supporter of the poor people's plan) they told her to sign the petition because it was "for the good of the neighborhood." She signed it, only to discover later it was a petition against the PPC plan. About a thousand signatures were collected (so Lew Hill says) and brought to Hill, who realized immediately he was treading in politically troubled waters. He then went to Daley who was the only one entrusted to make such a touchy decision, and on the advice of Hill—who reportedly told Daley that such a proposal could not be turned over to a bunch of "rabble-rousers"—Daley overturned the recommendation of his own appointed Conservation Council (seven members of which are threatening to resign over this issue), and endorsed the Hartford Construction Company plan. The renewal board, mouthing Daley's command, rubber stamped it at the same time they said they made the decision completely on their own and there were "no pressures or outside influence" placed on the Commission. The end result, simply, is the people got screwed, and it once again became abundantly clear (how many more examples of it do the fence-straddlers need?) that the people of this city are politically impotent.

The proposal will go through one more rubber stamping before it becomes official at the February 25th City Council meeting. Hizzoner will presumably be back from his Florida vacation to instruct his boys how to vote. There are strong indications, however, that the issue may be tabled at that meeting and pushed up to the next meeting in March. But, at both meetings the PPC will need everybody's support—the City Council should get a taste of how the people feel before they sell them out. Get to the meetings early before Daley fills the galleries with his sanitation workers.

There are two other pieces of advice I want to leave with you...

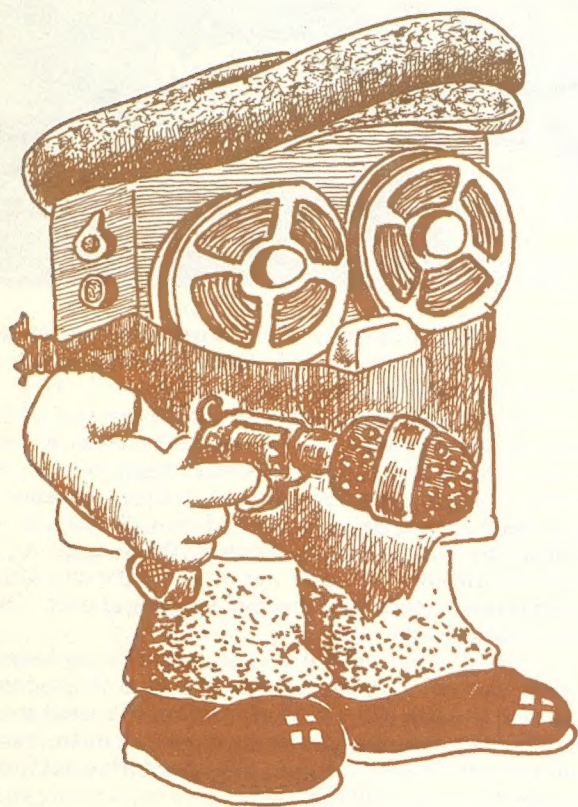
To Mothers—when you go to the meetings, leave your children home;

To Daley, Hill and the Hartford Construction Company—take heed of the sign that two women unfurled at the end of the Wednesday afternoon meeting where you sold us out:

"THEY WILL NEVER BUILD IT."

Jay Silvers

ROCK RIPOFFS!



The following interview was taped with the S and J of JSJ Inc., who are presently distributing a "bootlegged" album of cuts from the yet-to-be-released Get Back album by the Beatles.

Seed: How long ago did you actually start on this album?

J: Four weeks ago, but there was a twelve-hour period that was actually four years.

Seed: Was it mixed in a studio?

S: It was mixed on studio equipment; four tracks.

Seed: How long did it take to mix the album?

J: About twelve hours. Twelve straight hours. The whole living room was filled with tape decks and amplifiers and tangled wires. Whewww. But next time it'll be a lot easier.

Seed: How do you get the material in the first place?

S: Somebody made it off an original tape that must have come from Apple Records. Now that tape is being played by a string of underground radio stations. We recorded our original off of the FM stereo version plus we added a couple of singles. Say if someone in New York gets it out first, then someone from, say, Detroit will pick up a copy of the New York record, make a tape, take it to a studio to get a master, and then have it pressed. It's actually the same process that the record companies do, but on a smaller scale.

Seed: How did the tape from which you made this album get out?

S: Well, obviously, it had the blessing of Apple, because a big FM radio chain, in which Capitol Records, who distributes Apple, is a big advertiser, has been playing it as "a tape of the unreleased Beatles album." This is where the copies are being made. This is how we got our copy of the tape. If it didn't have Capitol's blessing, they could just tell the FM stations to stop playing it.

Seed: What's the process involved in doing this -- you just tape off an ordinary FM receiver onto a tape deck?

J: The better equipment you use, the better the product. We tried to make it as good as we could. We

went around borrowing all the tape decks we could. We used good equipment -- Revox and Sony. On two of the cuts we fucked up; they came out too fast. Somewhere in transferring it from one machine to another in the final stages of taping, one of the machines' motors must have been running a little fast, and it came out too fast on our original.

Seed: What is the capital outlay for a bootlegging operation?

J: Very small, cause we ran around borrowing decks, and hooking them up and checking wattage and amplifiers...

Seed: What do you do after you finish making the original?

J: Guard it with your life! Then, you take it to someone who can make a master. It costs about \$120 to make a stereo master.

Seed: How do they react to making masters for these bootlegs?

S: They don't even listen to it, usually. You just tell them it's by some unknown Mexican artist. They don't know -- they get a lot of small printing jobs. You've got to give them a name for the record, and not tell them what you're doing. Go through a lot of changes like cutting off shrubbery and looking fairly straight.

The whole thing is that they have to get injunctions to make you stop. Then they have to file a damages suit, which is a civil suit, that they were deprived of X amount of royalties or whatever.

Seed: Rather than lowering their prices, Columbia took the Dylan bootleggers to court. What laws are you breaking?

J: Royalty and copyright laws.

Seed: So if it's a civil suit, then you can't go to jail?

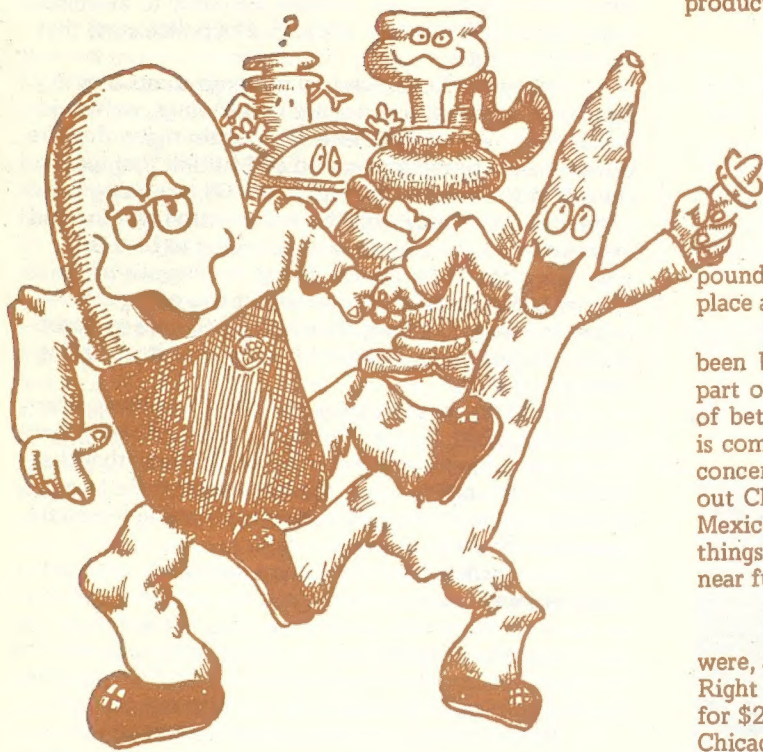
S: Right, the only penalty is being fined. It's the most legal illegal thing I've ever done...

You know, bootlegging's been done for years with great opera records. Eventually, it would be really nice if a small shopowner who needed 50 records could, instead of paying some distributor \$5 for them, go to his nearest pressing plant and just press out whatever number he needed...

Seed: What is the pressing cost for the album?

J: The pressing should cost between 53 and 83 cents a record, including the blank album cover. We put labels on the record, cause we wanted it to be as nice as

CONTINUED ON 13



DOPESCENE TIPOFFS!

pounds, depending on the farmer you get it from and the place and the deal.

The tea is generally a lot stronger than it ever has been because the burning of the fields in the northern part of Mexico forced people to bring in concentrations of better stuff. Everything that's coming out of Mexico is coming from Acapulco south-Michucan, a lot of red, concentrations of gold all over the country and throughout Chicago. There's good grass from Arizona and New Mexico and there's gold all over and there's a lot of things happening and all sorts of things scheduled for the near future and... (joyous laughter).

Seed: What should people be paying for kilos?

Stash: The prices haven't gone down to what they were, and they probably never will. But they've dropped. Right now, there's people here selling like Jamaican weed for \$250/pound and you get about 25 dirty lids (ed note: Chicago lids are 4-5 shot glasses, and should not be confused with weight ounces). With the strength of the tea, it's probably about the most righteous deal you can get.

Then there's short pounds of gold for about \$150. The weed's comparable to the Jamaican weed, but it's a lot dirtier, much seedier.

Seed: How far back are dealer networks going? Are lots of people growing their own grass?

Stash: Not too much. It's just that you get a lot of natives in these different countries, in Mexico and the Caribbean and throughout Central and South America, farmers who are hip to the situation here and who are hip to ways to get it back AND THERE WILL NEVER BE A DROUGHT AGAIN AS LONG AS THE CARIBBEAN'S THERE.

Seed: Right on.

Stash: Never, man. Jamaica's got the best, and this whole area's becoming infested with the strongest possible weed you could possibly imagine. There are lots of 25-lid compressed bricks made of Mexican weed and Mexican gold combined, and there'll always be a flow of Jamaican weed, and there's plastic-wrapped pounds that are going for \$200 that are supposedly around 25 clean lids of weed compressed into a plastic bag, and there's pounds in white ice-pack bags now and there's bricks wrapped in brown paper that are going for \$150 that are good -- and the white ice-packs are going for \$150, too.

Again, the price of weed's dropped. If you're buying Mexican weed, you should never pay more than a buck-and-a-half, and if you're buying Jamaican you shouldn't pay more than two-and-one-half for a weight

pound.

The good kinds of gold are as strong as the Jamaican weed, but don't taste up to par. The Mexican weed'll get you really smashed out for about an hour-and-a-half or so, whereas you'll be high for four hours or so if you smoke a Jamaican reefer.

Seed: We know that you're a specialist in what you deal, but what about other drugs?

Stash: I know there's mescaline and angel dust and lots of everything around except hash, which always happens mainly on the coasts. There's always people bringing back 500 pounds of hash on both coasts, and eventually you get some in the midwest.

Everybody should be advised that the price of acid has dropped from the distributor to the dealer, so that you shouldn't expect to pay as much. Dealers are paying 30 cents or 25 cents for a gram. People are getting ready to make Jamaican hash, which'll be as good as the Nepalese hash, which is about the best hash you can get. The resin from the kali gange, which is the strongest breed of Jamaican hash, will just be psychedelic-type hash. I can't wait!

Seed: What's happening in pills?

Stash: There's always pills available, there's always junk available. There are always cats into them in big quantities, people dealing kilos all the time. I'm sure the junk's good, even by the time it gets to the street.

Seed: How much cross-over is there between people who are dealing grass and acid and people who are dealing smack and speed?

Stash: None, usually. There are some older cats -- thirty-five or forty -- who are into doing a bread thing, dealing some weed and junk and whatever else. There are Syndicate-type people dealing a little of everything, and there are robbery people who'll sell you anything.

There's every kind of dealer. It's a big city. But not too many cross over. Either the people dealing junk are junkies themselves or like there are a lot of Puerto Rican and spade cats who come in contact with a range of drugs or there are people who are in it for the money.

Seed: Are most acid labs freak labs?

Stash: Yeah, most. Pretty much so.

Seed: Who's taking acid? Most of the people we know have stopped, because they've gotten political or can't stand city vibes or just don't get anything out of watching the sidewalk dissolve or are practicing some kind of mystic discipline.

Stash: I think who it is is the people that are younger, say 16-20, who are taking a lot of drugs and you

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This interview happened with a guy we'll call Stash in a smoke-filled room on the north side. The smoke was not from tobacco.

Seed: Last Friday the po-lice burnt 500 pounds worth of grass down on the West Side. People stood a block away from this smokestack and tried to breathe in the fumes. How much of a loss is this to Chicago? It took the narcs several years to build up this kind of stash. How long does it take to replace it?

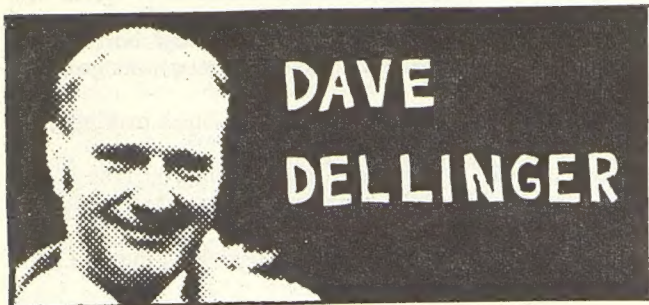
Stash: Not too long, to be truthful. I don't think all the seizures affect the city too much. They make one or two good busts on people coming in with maybe 100, possibly at the most 500 pounds, through informers and it hurts one side of the city. But there are things happening all over the city.

I'd say there's easily, you know, easily, at least 500 pounds coming into Chicago every couple of weeks. That's just saying what I know.

Seed: What kinds of tea are showing up?

Stash: Right now, the Jamaican would be the number one, but Mexico's come through. Right now, there's four different kinds of Mexican weed in the Chicagoland area and there's all kinds of Mexican things happening all over and there's concentrated Jamaican things happening throughout the country -- in San Francisco, New York, Chicago, and in two cities in the south. There are people doing from 500-1000 pounds up to maybe a bale or so, which is equivalent to 600-1200

"We'll dance on your grave,"



**DAVE
DELLINGER**

First, I think that every judge should be required to serve time in prison, to spend time in prison before sentencing other people there so that he might become aware of the degrading and anti-human conditions that persist not only in Cook County Jail but in the prisons generally of this country...

I think that in 1970 perhaps the American people will begin to discover something about the nature of the prison system, the system in which we are now confined and which thousands of other political prisoners are confined.

The Black Panthers have said that all black prisoners are political prisoners, and I think that although it may be hard for people to understand, I think that all people in prison are political prisoners. They are in prison, most of them, because they have violated the property and power concepts of the society; and the bank robber I talked to yesterday was only trying to get his in the ways he thought were open to him, just as businessmen and others profiteer and try to advance their own economic cause at the expense of their fellows.

I think in a society in which one has to have education, good family, connections in order to rise to the top economically, it is not surprising if residents of a ghetto and residents of the poor white working class and lower middle class often feel that the only way that they can get what everybody else is getting, can get it that way.

I do not think that the property system and the economic anti-egalitarianism of our society justifies putting a strain on people holding up this idea of self-advancement and then putting them away under conditions which when the United States becomes enlightened, everybody will be ashamed of. I think it is impossible to think of the United States as being a civilized country when it has prisons such as those we are now confined in.

My second point is whatever happens to us, however unjustified, will be slight compared to what has happened already to the Vietnamese people, to the black people in this country, to the "criminals" with whom we are now spending our days in Cook County Jail.

I must have already lived longer than the normal life expectancy of a black person born when I was born, or born now. I must have already lived longer than the normal, far longer, twenty years longer than the normal life expectancy in the under-developed countries which this country is trying to profiteer from and keep under its domain and control, one of the main reasons for the war in Vietnam, to set an example to the people of this country that they dare not fight for freedom and self-determination, and democracy, or else their children will be napalmed, their villages will be bombed, and their citizens will be, if not killed, put in concentration camps.

Thirdly, I want to say that sending us to prison, any punishment the government can impose upon us, will not solve the problems that have gotten us into "trouble" with the government and the law in the first place; will not solve the problem of this country's rampant racism, will not solve the problem of the economic injustice, it will not solve the problem of the foreign policy and the attacks upon the underdeveloped people of the world.

The government misread the Vietnamese people when it thought it could intimidate and terrorize and destroy them, and thus win them over, pacify them, and it is similarly misreading the American people today as the war against the Vietnamese people has become a war against the American people and against the American ideals of justice and democracy and freedom.

The government is bound to fail in this war just as it failed, has failed in the war against the Vietnamese people.

Since the time perhaps ten, fifteen thousand people came to Chicago to oppose having the issue of the war swept under the rug in a rigged convention, in a city purged of demonstration and protest, over ten thousand GI's have been killed because the government's refusal to listen to what we and others were saying. Perhaps a hundred fifty thousand Vietnamese people have been wiped out needlessly in that time, and for calling attention to that and trying desperately to prevent it happening, we have been brought up here in the dark and handled in this courtroom by Prosecutors Foran and Schultz in a manner that reminds me of Prosecutor Vyshinsky and the Russians in the time of the political purges in the Soviet Union in the 30's...

Our movement is not very strong today. It is not united, it is not well organized. It is very confused and makes a lot of mistakes, but there is the beginning of an awakening in this country which has been going on for at least the last fifteen years, and it is an awakening that will not be denied. Tactics will change, people will err, people will die in the streets and die in prison, but I do not believe that this movement can be denied because however falsely applied the American ideal was from the beginning when it excluded black people, and Indians and people without property, nonetheless there was a dream of justice and equality and freedom, and brotherhood, and I think that that dream is much closer to fulfillment today than it has been at any time in the history of this country.

I only wish that were all not just more eloquent, I wish we were smarter, more dedicated, more united. I wish we could work together. I wish we could reach out to the Forans, and the Schultzes and the Hoffmans, and convince them of the necessity of this revolution...

I think I shall sleep better and happier and with a greater sense of fulfillment in whatever jails I am in for the next, however many years, than if I had compromised, if I had pretended the problems were any less real than they are, or if I had sat here passively in the courthouse while justice was being throttled and the truth was being denied.

I learned that when I spent my three years in jail before. When I ended up in the hole and on a hunger strike for sixty-five days, I found out that there are no comforts, no luxuries, no honors, nothing that can compare with having a sense of one's own integrity -- not one's infallibility because I have continued to make mistakes from that day to this, but at least one's knowledge is that in his own life, in his own commitment, he is living up to the best that he knows.

I salute my brothers in Vietnam, in the ghetto, in the Women's Liberation Movement, all the people all over the world who are struggling to make true and real for all people the ideals on which this country was supposed to be founded, but never, never lived up to.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS ---- Six people were arrested after a paint- and rock-throwing spree which saw many of the Courthouse windows broken and fists painted all over the front of the building.

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILLINOIS ---- A line of protesters marched from St. Louis, Missouri to East St. Louis, screaming "Riot! Riot!" as they crossed the state line.

WASHINGTON, D.C. ---- 140 persons were arrested when a demonstration protesting contempt sentences against the Conspiracy erupted near the residence of Attorney-General John Mitchell. Several thousand people attended a series of rallies held throughout the week.



**RENNIE
DAVIS**

I do not think that it is a time to appeal to you or to appeal to the system that is about to put me away.

I suppose if I were to make any appeals, it really should be to Agent Stanley or to J. Edgar Hoover, because the sentence that I am about to receive comes not from you in my judgement but from the FBI and undercover agents from the beginning, from the witnesses that have been paraded with their lies to that witness stand day after day right up to the last sentence that is going to be delivered, comes from the FBI, and I don't think the FBI is interested in speeches. I don't think the FBI is interested in words. I think that what moves a government that increasingly is controlled by a police mentality is action. It is not a time for words; it is a time that demands action. And since I did not get a jury of my peers, I look to the jury that is in the streets. My jury will be in the streets tomorrow all across this country and the verdict from my jury will keep coming in over the next long five years that you are about to give me in prison.

I guess if I have any hope at all it is that I am allowed out of prison by 1976 because in 1976 the American people are not going to recount their history, they are going to relive their history, and when I come out of prison it will be to move next door to Tom Foran. I am going to be the boy next door to Tom Foran and the boy next door, the boy that could have been a judge, could have been a prosecutor, could have been a college professor, is going to move next door to organize his kids into the revolution. We are going to turn the sons and daughters of the ruling class in this country into Viet Cong.



**TOM
HAYDEN**

I think that the nature of this gathering is a reflection on how weak freedom of speech is in the United States. It is allowed when it has no effect.

On the other hand, when freedom of speech is effective it is prevented, when people are put away so here we are today with freedom of speech: freedom to speak to the prosecutor, freedom to speak to the judge, apparently freedom to speak to a press which will package what we say into perhaps two inches. What we say at this table will come out over the wires tonight and will be in tomorrow's papers and that will be the end of it. Our last words in public.

And so, I have very little that I want to say because I don't have very much respect for this kind of freedom of speech and this is the kind of freedom of speech that I think the Government now wants to restrict us to, freedom to speak in empty rooms, in front of prosecutors a few feet from your jail cell.

But there are two or three things that I do want to say something about for the record, for the press, and they are hopeful things, I guess, some of them, and also some of them have to do with warnings.

Our intention in coming to Chicago was not to incite a riot. Our intention in coming to Chicago was to see to it that certain things, that is, the right of every human being, the right to assemble, the right to protest, can be carried out even where the Government chooses to suspend those rights. It was because we chose to exercise those rights in Chicago in the jaws of a police state that we are here today.

If they were exercised on a college campus or in some place where the police are in the wings, we would not be here. We chose to exercise certain rights that the Government wanted to suspend and I think that we even knew it at the time. We knew that 1968 was going to be a bad year. We knew with the assassination of King and the assassination of Kennedy it was going to be a bad year. We knew from the rumblings coming out of Chicago long before the convention that it was going to be a bad year. We knew from trying to get Rennie to negotiate for permits and his lack of success that it was going to be a bad year.

And I was even told by my tails when I was arrested on August 26, that is the day the convention opened, that I was going to be indicted under this law, that the FBI had informed the tails that they were there to gather information for the indictment on crossing interstate lines with intention to incite a riot.

So we knew that there was a conspiracy all right and there was a conspiracy before the convention, before we took to the streets, before we made the speeches that we have been convicted for. It had already been decided by the Government and authorized by the FBI that the investigation begin and plans be made to put us away.

We have known all along what the intent of the Government has been. We knew that before we set foot on the streets of Chicago. We knew that before the famous events of August 28, 1968. If those events didn't happen, the Government would have had to invent them, as I think it did for much of its evidence in this case, because they were bound to put us away. They had to put us away in some way that would preserve the image of the system....

They have told the people that it was a fair trial. The press has congratulated the jury, but they have us. That is the way it is. That is the way it is. That is the way it is going to be.

The biggest test of this, if you want to test it in practice, and not just compare your theory to mine, will be the question of bail. The Judge has said that we are too dangerous to let out at large. The prosecutor has said several times in open court before a jury that we are evil men, that we incite violence, that we want to create a national liberation front to overthrow the Government by violence. So, I expect that Mr. Foran's office will suggest that we not be given bail, or maybe he will be mild on that and leave it to the Appeals Court to do it? but, I think we will not be given bail which is the ultimate example, the ultimate example of the suspension of constitutional rights, the ultimate example of refusing to extend constitutional rights to people who might use them effectively.

It is all right to let mafia people out on bail. It is all right to let murderers out on bail. It is all right to let DeSapio out on bail. They walked right out of the courtroom; it is not going to be all right to let us out on bail because as they will say, there is an incendiary situation.

Look, these people have created a riot across state lines just during the time of the verdict, inciting in the courtroom. What do you think it would be like if they went out there and spoke to those millions of people who are holding rallies and demonstrating, and crying, causing violence. They can't be let out on the street. They can't have bail.

Or, we will get bail with restrictions that amount to muzzling so that if we make one mistake, one speech in the wrong place, make one trip to another area, then they will pick us up with less publicity. This is proof of a system working?

Take the jury. I have sat there in the Cook County Jail with people who can't make bond, with people who have bum raps, with people who are nowhere, people who are the nothings of society, people who say to me, "You guys burned your draft cards. I would like to burn my birth certificate so they can never find me again."

I sit there and I watch television, and I hear, sitting in the hall, I hear Mr. Foran say the system works. This trial proves the system works.

Mr. Foran, I would love to see a television camera-man come into Cook County Jail and show the people how the system is working. Maybe you could televise us sitting around the table with the roaches running over our wrists while we watch somebody on television, a constitutional expert explaining how the jury verdict demonstrates once again the vitality of the American system of justice. ...

They claimed in 1968 that we were tearing up the streets, building barricades, throwing things at the police, and they invented this because in their peculiar way of looking at things, they invented this out of the smallest shred of evidence. One year later, as I read the newspapers and listen to the radio in my cell, seems now to be happening. The very thing they are afraid, that they are most afraid of, the very thing they thought by prosecuting us they could prevent now seems to be happening throughout the streets of the country. An interstate riot inspired by us? Inspired by us?

Inspired maybe by our existence, inspired by what you have done to us. Organized by us? Manipulated by us? Try to prove it. Try to show it. Try to illustrate it.

No, it has a way of its own, has a way of happening, a way of developing. This is inevitable, an inevitable cause and effect relationship between repression and rebellion.

It is a law, like a law of nature. There is nothing that we have to manipulate to make it unfold. All you have to do is continue doing what you have done. Give us our five years now. The story will go out. Again you brought us into court without our families, without foreknowledge. You justified the wiretapping. You gave us the five years. Next week deny us the bail and you will have on your hands the very situation that you wanted to prevent, which leads me to ask whether or not you want to prevent it.

Some people do want to prevent it. I have had the feeling that the prosecutors would like to prevent the unfolding of this nightmare in the streets of America. I am not so sure of the FBI and the police. I am not so sure about all of the people who want to have it out. I am not so sure about all the people who want to hang Hippies. I am not so sure about the people who are 50 years old and watching color TV and dreaming of vengeance. I am not so sure of the old and ancient people who know their society is finished, and since they have no authority no matter what their appearance, or what their title, since they have no authority are using their official power to strike out in acts of vengeance.

There are people in the society who would like to bring it on. There are other people misled but sincere people, who think that by a little slap at us they will stave it off. They eliminate the bad guys and they will win back the kids to the spirit of Camelot, as Tom Foran spoke. But, if you are sincere, Mr. Foran, you are mistaken, in my opinion. You won't win them back by this. You won't win them back by this. There is no way. It looks too evil. It looks too ugly. It looks too stacked. ...

On the matter of punishment, I am just saying again punishment does not work. Do I look any different? I am being punished. I said to you the other day the only thing I feel deprived of is something very personal, but that in no way prevents people from doing what they have to do. You don't believe it but we have to do this. We have no choice. We had no choice in Chicago. We had no choice in this trial. The people always do what they have to do. Every person who is born now and every person under thirty now feels an imperative to do the kind of things that we are doing. They may not act on them, they may not act on them immediately, but they feel the same imperatives because they are part of the same generation. They are part of the same body of people that came to life in the 1950's and 1960's and saw things differently from the older people. So they feel an imperative. They are proclaiming that imperative from the streets. Some day they are going to proclaim the imperative from the bench and from the courthouse. It's only a matter of time. It's only a matter of time. You can give us time. You are going to give us time. But it is only a matter of time.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA --- A San Francisco police officer died after having his jugular vein severed by a "staple-bomb" planted in a corner of a precinct-house.

NEW YORK CITY --- Fourteen people were arrested when a march on behalf of the Conspiracy broke into a run upon approaching the Criminal Courts Building, site of the trial of the Panther 21. Police were pelted with rocks and snowballs.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON --- Several youths were arrested after a demonstration here attempted to march on the Federal Building.

EUGENE, OREGON --- A series of marches occurred at the University of Oregon, where acquitted Conspiracy defendant John Froines is a professor.

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS --- Three people were arrested after a column of demonstrators trashed windows in this Chicago suburb after hearing speeches by Nancy Rubin and Bill Kunstler at Northwestern University. A plaque in honor of Judge Julius Hoffman disappeared from the hall which bears his name. Acquitted Conspiracy defendant Lee Weiner is a Teaching Assistant at the school.

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA --- Violent street-fighting broke out shortly after the contempt sentences of the Conspiracy defendants were announced. Several police cars were heavily damaged in action that experienced observers compared to the height of the People's Park struggle.



I feel like I have spent 15 years watching John Daly shows about history: You Are There. It is sort of like taking LSD, which I recommend to you, Judge. I know a good dealer in Florida. I could fix you up...

Mr. Foran called us sophisticated, intelligent men. I frankly don't feel too sophisticated and intelligent. I feel quite naive. I feel like Alice in Wonderland. I always felt like that for 10 years during the 1960's. I have had 41 arrests and 27 beatings.

When I worked in Mississippi, I was arrested once for going through a town, going through a red light in a town. I was beaten for three hours.

I said to the Chief, "There ain't no red light in this town." He said, "Boy, you better have your eyes checked." ...

Right from the beginning of the indictment, up until the end of the trial, I always wanted to change my plea. I had just like a great urge to confess? say, "I am guilty," because I felt what the State was calling me was an enemy of the State and I am an enemy of the State, I am an enemy of the America as it is now, with a "k".

We are outlaws in the eyes of Amerika, and I recognize that. I recognize that I am an outlaw. I wanted to say I was guilty. But, I never really did understand what I was charged with and I still don't now. I never read the law. I never read the indictment. I heard you read it the opening day and I heard you read it at the end.

I didn't understand the charge. I don't think the jury did. All I know is that I was charged with conspiracy of which I am not guilty, and somehow I am left with a couple of speeches, three speeches, one of which I didn't give, one in which I guess I threatened to kidnap the head police chief or something, and I forget the other speech; but, I always knew free speech was not allowed in present day Amerika. It is only that you can believe in free speech. Everybody is allowed to believe in free speech, but if you do it, you get arrested.

Mr. Foran says that we are evil men, and I suppose that is sort of a compliment. He says that we are unpatriotic. Unpatriotic? I don't know, that has kind of a jingoistic ring. I suppose I am not patriotic...

It is not that the Yippies hate America. It is that they feel the American dream has been betrayed. That has been my attitude.

I know those guys on the wall. I know them better than you, I feel. I know Adams. They grew up 20 miles from my home in Massachusetts. I played with Sam Adams on the Concord Bridge. I was there when Paul Revere rode right up on his motorcycle and said, "The pigs are coming, the pigs are coming. Right into Lexington." I was there. I know the Adams. Sam Adams was an evil man.

Thomas Jefferson. Thomas Jefferson called for revolution every ten years. Thomas Jefferson had an agrarian reform program that made Mao Tse Tung look like a liberal. I know Thomas Jefferson.

Hamilton? Well, I didn't dig the Federalists. Maybe he deserved to have his brains blown out.

Washington? I now respect Bobby Seale's opinion of him as a slaveholder because he was. All men are children of their times, even revolutionaries. We are children of our times and we are not perfect.

Washington grew pot. He called it hemp. It was called hemp then. He was probably a pot head.

Benjamin Franklin. He says we use obscene language. He should have heard Franklin carrying on in Paris. Franklin had what you people would call illegitimate children. Franklin had 17 illegitimate children. That is what Benjamin Franklin had. Washington said, "Well, we haven't heard from Benjamin Franklin this year. Maybe we had better write him a letter in Paris. He is off making babies."

Abraham Lincoln? There is another one. In 1861 Abraham Lincoln in his inaugural address said, and I quote, "When the people shall grow weary of their constitutional right to amend the government, they shall exert their revolutionary right to dismember and overthrow the government."

He gave that speech. If Abraham Lincoln had given that speech in Lincoln Park, he would be on trial right here, right here in this courtroom, because that is an inciteful speech. That is a speech intended to create a riot...

I have a warning for Amerika. The same thing happened a few years ago in the Gulf of Tonkin Bay. Lyndon Johnson came on television. I watched, because I always watched TV. Lyndon Johnson said, "Well, last night a couple of sampans from Vietnam attacked the 7th Fleet in Tonkin Bay, therefore, I need a resolution from the Congress, even though we don't have a war, to use any power that I want in Vietnam to kill, to kill 500,000 people." Genocide. They didn't call it genocide. In fact, the United States just yesterday, I heard President Nixon say, the United States is against genocide, and they signed a treaty about that.

There is a parallel between that and what happened here, because this trial is going to be an excuse, an excuse for the Justice Department to have the same power, for the Attorney General to have the same kind of power over the same incident that Lyndon Johnson had over the Tonkin Bay incident...

I suppose now, during the whole trial, it was just like during the convention. The press would all say, "It is terrible. They are getting beat up. It is awful. They are getting beat up in the park. They are not being allowed to assemble." But as soon as the blood was wiped from the streets, the editorials came out, and they said, "Well, there was a bit to blame on both sides, and they didn't come to grips with the fundamental issues, and it was too bad because they came in with a lot of antics." It would have been nice if we had been clean-shaven and everything. Too bad about that...

I remember when we were speaking before, you said "Tom Hayden, you could have had a nice position in the system; you could have had a job in the firm." We have heard that for the past ten years, all of us have heard that. And our only beauty is that we don't want a job. We don't want a job there, in that system. We say to young people, "There is a brilliant future for you in the revolution. Become an enemy of the State. A great future. You will save your soul," because what is being put on trial here is not the criminals, not five men, or seven, or ten, and I have got to thank the two lawyers, I mean, these two lawyers, they made Clarence Darrow look like a pipsqueak.

What has been on trial here is the soul of man and what is going into prison is the soul of man, and I am quite proud to play a role in the soul of man. I believe in soul. It ain't gonna be fun. Tonight, after you sentence us, the guards are going to play Delilah and they are going to come and they are going to shave our heads. It's a technique; it was perfected in 1937 by the Nazis when Jews went into concentration camps. The first thing they did was shave their heads. They have been waiting. They didn't want to shave them now because we would be out in the public. It would look bad. It would be a bad image. It wouldn't fit into the dignity and decorum of the courtroom to have people sitting here with shaved heads.

So they shave our heads and tomorrow morning they take our hair. They can have it. It's just hair. And they will go outside the prison walls and they will sell it, sell our hair.

I'll bet there's a newspaper right here would give me a hundred dollars for a lock of hair. In the end, everything is saleable in Amerika, everything but our souls.

Well, we said it was like Alice in Wonderland coming in, now I feel like Alice in 1984, because I have lived through the winter of injustice in this trial. I am not in Wonderland any more.

And it's fitting that if you went to the South and fought for voter registration and got arrested and beaten 11 or 12 times on those dusty roads for no bread, it's only fitting that you be arrested and tried under a civil rights act. That's the way it works. It's only fitting that you go to prison once you have been found innocent of a conspiracy which was supposed to exist.

1984 works that way. It's done for our own good, too; the warden always says that. "We cut your hair for your own good, for sanitary purposes." You tied up Bobby Seale. You said, "I'm doing it for your own good, so you will have a fair trial." You are going to send us to prison for our own good. It will make a man out of us, like going in the Army. "It will make a man out of you, kid. You ought to kill a few kids in Vietnam. It will make a man out of you." That's what 1984 is about. ...

Just want to say one thing more.

People -- I guess that is what we are charged with --

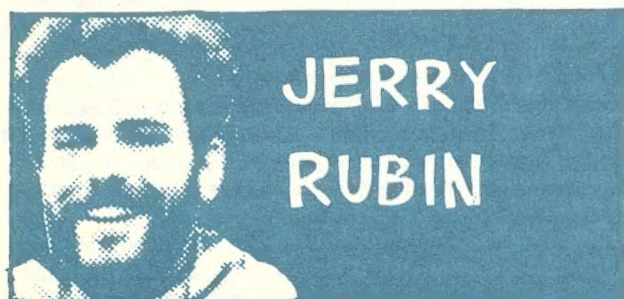
FURTHER →

when they decide to go from one state of mind to another state of mind, when they decide to fly that route, I hope they go youthfare no matter what their age. I will see you in Florida, Julie.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN ---- Thirteen demonstrators were arrested while 400 state, county and local police kept 2000 people from invading the City Hall. All three branches of the town's largest bank, and the mayor's home were damaged by rocks.

SAN FRANCISCO ---- A dozen lawyers burned their certificates to practice before the Federal Bar at a rally held on the steps of the Federal Building on the day after the contempt sentences against the Conspiracy defense lawyers were announced.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS ---- Fourteen arrests were made outside of Cook County Jail as 3,000 screaming demonstrators attempted to march around the prison housing the seven members of the Conspiracy. Prisoners were seen raising fists and chanting responses to cries of "Free All Political Prisoners".



...This is one of the happiest moments of my life, if you can dig what I mean. I am happy because I am in touch with myself, because I know who I am. I am happy because I am associated with Rennie, Tom, Dave, Abbie and myself. That makes me very happy.

I wonder what Dick Schultz is thinking. I wonder what Dick Schultz says to his kids, that his job is to put people in jail. That is his job, to prosecute, put them in jail. I wonder what Tom Foran says to his kids. I wonder what Julius Hoffman says when he is home at night, thinking about the fact that we are locked up...

I was a reporter for a newspaper. I worked for five years. I was 21 years old when I looked like this (Displaying picture in book). Mostly everybody around this table once looked like this, and we all believed in the American system, believed in the court system, believed in the election system, believed that the country had some things wrong with it, and we tried to change it.

Then I decided that I couldn't be a newspaperman any more. I couldn't sit and write down what was happening and report it; what was happening before my very eyes were absolute crimes and immoralities. I couldn't do it. The role as reporter was just immoral if it meant accepting what was going on, so I quit.

That was one of the happiest moments of my life, and I think it was inevitable, the moment I decided that I no longer was going to look like this, the moment I was no longer going to be a newspaperman, and I was going to act, it was inevitable I would be in a courtroom some day and I would be sentenced to five years. I'm being sentenced to five years not for what I did in Chicago. I am going to jail because I am part of a historical movement and because of my life, the things I am trying to do, because, as Abbie said -- we don't want to have a piece of the pie.

We don't just want to be part of the American way of life. We don't want to live in the suburbs. We don't want to have college degrees...

They say to the lawyers:

"You should be different than these defendants. You should tell them to shut up." Well, these two men, Bill Kunstler and Lenny Weinglass, are our brothers, you see. They are not just doing their job, they are not just making words on a piece of paper, and adding it up like a column. We are a family here. There is a family around this table. We have called this the life versus death culture. Anybody walking in the courtroom could see this life versus death culture. People in this courtroom were a family, together like this. The people here were like machines, machines, and so the machines are sentencing the human beings to jail...

The jury. Not one juror believed in that verdict. The jurors who believed that we were guilty on both counts thought we were a conspiracy. The jurors that thought we were innocent thought we were innocent on everything, so they came up with a verdict that nobody agrees on, you see, because we are a conspiracy. That's the crime we are guilty of. I will confess right now, the people at this table are a conspiracy. We are not five individuals who just did five separate things. We knew each other. We love each other and we acted together and all this bull that's being written about in the newspapers about a beautiful verdict. "They weren't a conspiracy, but they committed crimes."...

I want to say something that's going to be a little touchy. I meant to say it the other time.

I was born Jewish. The Judge is Jewish. I said when I was sentenced for contempt that everything that happened in Nazi Germany was legal. It's all legal. It happened in courtrooms. Judges did incredible things: ordered the sterilization of undesirables, sentenced people to jail in concentration camps, wiped out a whole population. That's what's happening in Amerika today. That's what we are doing in Vietnam. And I mean it's frightening to me, to see Julius Hoffman, who is Jewish, in the role of saying that "The law must be obeyed. You must respect the law." Respect the law. Respect, respect, respect.

A father tells his son, "Respect me or else." That's what Amerika told its youth.

Amerika told its youth "Respect us or else." The kids grow up saying, "I am not going to respect you or else. If you are bombing Vietnamese, I don't respect you. When you are killing black people, I am not going to respect you." Go into a jail; 90 percent of the jails are black. You dig that. 90 percent of the people in jail are black, and 10 percent of the people in Amerika are black. What is going on? Why is that? We know why that is, because it's a racist society and we are not going to accept that racism. If it's evil not to accept that racism, then we are evil. Obscenity. Racism is an obscenity. Vietnam is an obscenity.

David Dellinger shouted out, "Bullshit." What's an obscenity?...

You know why he got jailed? Because he expressed emotion. That's what an obscene word is. An obscene word expresses emotion. When we use the word "pig", we are not meaning that literally. We are trying to express emotion. We are trying to reach the person behind that uniform and say, "Who are you?" Amerika has killed language. Amerika destroyed language, and we are trying to revive language. That is why we are on trial.

We are on trial because we are trying to wake America up, We are on trial because we are trying to wake it up emotionally, because it turned us all into machines, it turned us all into marshals, reporters, judges, prosecutors; it's destroyed our humanity. So the people at this table are trying to wake it up, and the only way we can wake it up is by screaming, yelling, standing on our heads, doing whatever we can do. That's what we tried to do during the trial. That's what our defense was.

Our defense was trying to present our life to this jury. We were doing -- we acted in this trial just the way we always act. We didn't do a single thing to try and get a not guilty verdict; to try and get someone's respect. We were ourselves. And you are sentencing us for being ourselves. That's our crime: being ourselves. Because we don't look like this any more. That's our crime...

There is this slogan, you can jail the revolutionary but you can't jail the revolution. And I used to say that. But I only understand what that means right now, because you can easily pick up our bodies and throw us in a cell.

What you are doing out there is creating millions of revolutionaries.

Julius Hoffman, you have done more to destroy the court system in this country than any of us could have done. All we did was go to Chicago and the police system exposed itself as totalitarian. All we did is walk into the courtroom and the court system exposed itself as totalitarian. And I am glad we exposed the court system because in millions of courthouses across this country blacks are being shuttled from the streets to the jails and nobody knows about it. They are forgotten men. There ain't a whole corps of press people sitting and watching. They can't care. It's not news, not a circus. You see what we have done is, we have exposed that. Maybe now people will be interested in what happens in the courthouse down the street because of what happened here. Maybe now people will be interested.

This is the happiest moment of my life.

THE DEFENDANTS: Right on.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS ---- 5,000 people marched up Tremont Street after holding a rally at Boston Commons. At least a dozen arrests were made as police were hard-pressed to keep demonstrators from venting their anger on banks and other institutions in the area. Several policemen were injured.

EAST LANSING, MICHIGAN ---- An estimated 1,000 windows were broken as police clashed with demonstrators attempting to march on the downtown area.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA ---- Prisoners in the Santa Clara County Jail went on a rampage after watching a television program about the Conspiracy. At least six fires were set, and guards had to use fire-hoses to quell the rioting.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA ---- 7,000 people rallied in support of the Conspiracy and the Black Panther Party. Two clashes near the UCLA campus resulted in smashed bank windows and forty arrests.

Rennie Davis.....25 months and 14 days
Jerry Rubin.....25 months and 23 days
Dave Dellinger.....30 months and 16 days
Tom Hayden.....14 months and 14 days
Abbie Hoffman.....8 months
John Froines.....5 months and 15 days
Lee Weiner.....2 months and 18 days
William Kunstler.....4 years and 13 days
Leonard Weinglass.....20 months and 9 days
Bobby Seale.....4 years

JERRY RUBIN --- CONTEMPT

Specification 9. On January 23, the marshals determined that several spectators had been rowdy and had to be removed from the courtroom. One of those spectators was Jerry Rubin's wife. As she was being removed, Mr. Rubin protested loudly and violently. The incident is reported as follows:

THE COURT: Since you refer to Bobby Seale, your client, I recall...

MR. KUNSTLER: Not my client, your honor.

THE COURT: ...I recall being called various names of pigs by that man.

MR. RUBIN: Bill, they are taking out my wife.

MR. KUNSTLER: Well, your honor would not let him defend himself. Everyone knows that now.

(Cries of "Hey, stop it.")

MR. KUNSTLER: Your honor, must we always have this, the force and power of the government.

MR. FORAN: Your honor....

MR. RUBIN: They are dragging out my wife---will you please...

THE COURT: We must have order in the courtroom.

Shortly thereafter, he raised another protest on the same issue.

THE COURT: I will ask you to sit down, and I ask you again, sir -- I order you to sit down.

MR. RUBIN: Am I entitled to a public trial?

THE COURT: No -- you have a public trial.

MR. RUBIN: Does the public trial include my wife being in the courtroom? Am I entitled to a public trial?

THE COURT: I don't talk to defendants who have a lawyer.

MR. RUBIN: You didn't listen to my lawyer, so I have to speak. Am I entitled to a public trial?

THE COURT: Mr. Marshal, will you ask that man to sit down.

MARSHAL JOHNSON: Will you sit down, Mr. Rubin.

Sentence --- 6 months in jail.

Specification 12. On February 5, after the Court refused to vacate its order evoking defendant Dellinger's bail, Mr. Rubin engaged in several loud outbursts in the courtroom, which are reported as follows:

MR. RUBIN: You haven't been patient at all. You interrupted my attorney right in the middle of his argument. He was right in the middle of his argument and you interrupted him. You are not being very patient at all. That is not patience.

THE COURT: Ask that man to sit down. Note who he is. That is Mr. Rubin.

MR. RUBIN: Jerry Rubin. Can he finish his argument? Can he finish his argument?

THE COURT: I will ask you to remain quiet, sir.

MR. RUBIN: I will ask you to remain quiet when our attorney represents us is making his arguments.

MR. RUBIN: Gestapo.

MR. HOFFMAN: Show him your .45. Show him a .45. He ain't never seen a gun.

MR. RUBIN: This is justice? Huh? Lawyers can't even make an argument? You're a disgrace.

THE CLERK: That is all.

THE COURT: Bring in the jury, Mr. Marshal.

MR. RUBIN: You are the laughing stock of the world Julius Hoffman; the laughing stock of the world.

MR. HOFFMAN: Mies van der Rohe was a kraut, too.

MR. RUBIN: Every kid in the world hates you; knows what you represent.

MARSHAL DOBOWSKI: Be quiet, Mr. Rubin.

MR. RUBIN: You are synonymous with the name of Adolph Hitler. Julius Hoffman equals Adolph Hitler today.

Sentence --- 6 months in jail.

RENNIE DAVIS --- CONTEMPT

Specification 16. During the time the witness Davis was being cross-examined by the Government Attorney, which is reported in the transcript, Page 17,820 through 18,245, Davis continually volunteered remarks and observations. He did not restrict his answer to the scope of the question posed. The Court was required to instruct him no less than 43 times to restrict his answers to the scope of the question posed. No sooner were these orders given than they were violated over and over and over again. The violation of 43 court orders in the period of three days must be considered contemptuous.

motherfucker!"

In Contempt of Court

Specification 17. On January 28, the defendant Davis interrupted Mr. Schultz, the Assistant United States Attorney, to make the following remarks:

MR. SCHULTZ: I wish Davis, who was such a gentle boy on the stand for the last couple of days, smiling at the jury and pretending he was just a little boy next door, would stop whispering and talking to me while I am talking.

MR. DAVIS: You are a disgrace, sir. I say you are a disgrace. I really say you are a disgrace.

Sentence --- 3 months in jail.

Specification 21. On February 4, when the Court announced that it had determined to revoke defendant Dellinger's bail, there was an outburst in the courtroom. Mr. Davis inserted the following remark:

THE COURT: This isn't the first word, and I won't argue this.

MR. DAVIS: This Court is bullshit.

THE COURT: There he is saying the same words again.

MR. DAVIS: No, I am saying it.

MR. RUBIN: Everything in this court is bullshit.

MR. DAVIS: I associate myself with Dave Dellinger completely 100%. This is the most obscene court I have

ever seen.

MR. DAVIS: Mr. Rubin's wife they are now taking...
MR. RUBIN: Keep your hands off her. You see them taking away my wife?

MR. DAVIS: Why don't you gag the press, too, and the attorneys, gag them.

Sentence --- 5 months in jail.

ABBIE HOFFMAN --- CONTEMPT

Specification 1. September 26, during the opening statement by the government, defendant Hoffman rose and blew a kiss to the jurors.

Sentence --- one day in jail.

Specification 8. On October 30, when the Court was compelled to deal appropriately with Mr. Seale, Mr. Hoffman engaged in the following:

MR. SEALE: The Judge is not --- he is not trying to give you no fair trial. That's what you are. You are lying. You know exactly what you are.

MR. HAYDEN: Now they are going to beat him, they are going to beat him.

MR. HOFFMAN: You may as well kill him if you are going to gag him. It seems that way, doesn't it?

THE COURT: You are not permitted to address the Court, Mr. Hoffman. You have a lawyer.

MR. HOFFMAN: This isn't a court, this is a neon oven.

MR. FORAN: That was the defendant Hoffman who spoke.

THE COURT: Let the record show that the defendant Hoffman spoke.

And very shortly thereafter, he continued in the following interchange:

MR. HAYDEN: I was not addressing the jury. I was trying to protect Mr. Seale. The man is supposed to be silent when he sees another man's nose being smashed?

MR. HOFFMAN: The disruption started when these guys got into overkill. It is the same thing as last year in Chicago. The same exact thing.

THE COURT: Mr. Hoffman, you are directed to refrain from speaking. You are ordered to refrain from speaking.

Sentence --- 2 months in jail.

THE EIGHTH CONSPIRATOR



The Chicago Eight trial became the Chicago Seven trial on November 5, 1969 when Judge Julius Hoffman severed Bobby Seale from the case and put him away for four years for contempt of court. The Establishment Media was quick to erase the memory of the Eighth Conspirator; and the white movement, to its discredit, found it fairly easy to forget Bobby Seale, too. Nationwide demonstrations didn't follow Judge Hoffman's November decision. After all, the Black Panther Party chairman was never at press conferences, was never out addressing rallies, never made it into Richard Avedon's photographic record of the trial. He was, for the duration of his stay in Chicago, confined to the Cook County Jail -- whisked in via prison van to the Federal Building by 10:00 and whisked out again after court recessed, held in the lock-up during lunch. He is now in prison in San Francisco, on trumped-up charges of conspiracy to murder. The Government apparently was able to invent a better reason to keep him locked up than a Chicago Conspiracy indictment (Bobby was only in Chicago for two days and made only two public speeches during the convention).

The "disruptions" for which Bobby was chained and gagged and eventually jailed, were never the unreasoned bursts of rage described by the Overground Media. Each and

On Black Power vs. Power to the People:

"MR. SCHULTZ: Your Honor, before the next witness testifies, would it be possible if the Court would permit the Government--well, we haven't offered the picture, as a matter of fact. We have the picture of the boy with the black power symbol fist on his sweat shirt that was identified by Officer Tobin and Carcerano as the boy--

"THE COURT: Show it to counsel.

"MR. SEALE: That's not a black power sign. Somebody correct the Court on that. It's not the black power sign. It's the power to the people sign.

On U.S. Attorney Schultz (before court convened, Bobby had warned Panthers in the audience to cool it, unless attack; Schultz told the Judge he had exhorted them to attack):

"MR. SCHULTZ: He was talking to these people about an attack by them.

"MR. SEALE: You're lying. Dirty liar. I told them to defend themselves. You are a rotten racist pig, fascist liar, that's what you are. You're a rotten liar. You're a rotten liar. You are a fascist pig liar.

On the jury (the Judge had informed the jury about alleged threatening letters from the Black Panthers and one juror whose family had supposedly received a letter had been dismissed because she no longer felt she could be impartial):

"MR. SEALE: The jury is prejudiced against me, all right, and you know it

because of those threatening letters. You know it, those so-called jive threatening letters, and you know it's a lie. How can that jury give me a fair trial?

"THE COURT: Mr. Marshal, will you go to that man and ask him to be quiet?

On his constitutional rights as protected by the Reconstruction law:

"MR. SEALE: Yes, that's because you violated my constitutional rights, Judge Hoffman. That's because you violated them overtly, deliberately, in a very racist manner. Somebody ought to point out the law to you. You don't want to investigate it to see whether the people get their constitutional rights. 68,000 black men died in the Civil War for that right. That right was made during the Reconstruction period. They fought in that war and 68,000 of them died. That law was made for me to have my constitutional rights.

Again on his constitutional rights (this time while gagged):

"MR. SEALE: [Through his gag] I would like to cross-examine the witness. I want to cross-examine the witness.

"THE COURT: Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I will have to excuse you.

"MR. SEALE: My constitutional rights have been violated. The direct examination is over, cross-examination is over, I want to cross-examine the witness.

every time Bobby interrupted the Court, it was to carry out his legal defense in the absence of Charles R. Garry, who Bobby recognized as his one and only lawyer. The now-famous "racist pig" epithets usually came at the end of frustrated attempts by Bobby to act as his own attorney.

Hoffman gave Bobby three-month sentences for each case of contempt -- 16 counts in all, four years in jail. Dave Dellinger was cited 32 times for contempt. His sentence was two and a half years. (Proving that "racist pig" was only an accurate description of Hoffman's court.) The contempt citations ranged from a one sentence interruption to lengthy discourses by Bobby on his constitutional rights. Bobby would refer to Title 42, U.S. Code Section 1981 to justify his self-defense. Title 42 is a Reconstruction statute granting blacks equal protection under the law. Hoffman cited a technicality (Kunstler had signed as Seale's lawyer so that he could visit the Panther in jail while Charles Garry was recuperating from an operation) and consistently denied Bobby his right to present his legal case.

The official transcript records the running battle between the black revolutionary and the white Court. Excerpts follow.

by Alice Embree

"THE COURT: Please be quiet, sir. I order you to be quiet.

"MR. SEALE: I have a right to cross-examine the witness. I want to cross-examine the witness at this time. I object to you not allowing me to cross-examine the witness. You know I have a right to do so.

"THE COURT: Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, you are excused until tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. I

"(The following proceedings were had in open court, out of the presence and hearing of the jury:)

"THE COURT: Now I want to tell you, Mr. Seale, again--I thought you were going to adhere to my directions. You sat there and did not during this afternoon intrude into the proceedings in an improper way.

"MR. SEALE: I never intruded until it was the proper time for me to ask and request and demand that I have a right to defend myself and I have a right to cross-examine the witness. I sit through other cross-examinations and after the cross-examinations were over, I request, demanded by right to cross-examine the witness, and in turn demanded my right to defend myself, since you cannot sit up here--you cannot sit up here and continue to deny me my constitutional rights to cross-examine the witness, my constitutional right to defend myself. I sit throughout other cross-examinations, I never said anything, and I am not attempting to disrupt this trial. I am attempting to get my rights to defend myself recognized by you.

And his final speech, after being sentenced for contempt:

THE COURT: Mr. Seale, you have a right to speak now. I will hear you.

MR. SEALE: For myself?

THE COURT: In your own behalf, yes.

MR. SEALE: How come I couldn't speak before?

THE COURT: This is a special occasion.

MR. SEALE: Wait a minute. Now are you going to try to--you going to attempt to punish me for attempting to speak for myself before? Now after you punish me, you sit up and say something about you can speak? What kind of jive is that? I don't understand it. What kind of court is this? Is this a court? It must be a fascist operation like I see it in my mind, you know,--I don't understand you.

THE COURT: I am calling on you--

MR. SEALE: You just read a complete record of me trying to persuade you, trying to show you, demonstrating my right, demonstrating to you the need, showing you all this stuff about my right to defend myself, my right to defend myself, history, slavery, et cetera; and you going to sit there and say something about, "OK, now you can speak?"

What am I supposed to speak about? I still haven't got the right to defend myself. I would like to speak about that. I would like to--since you let me stand up and speak, can I speak about in behalf of--can I defend myself?

THE BALLAD OF MARK CLARK AND FRED HAMPTON

by Bob Gibson

It was black as night at 5 AM that cold December morning
Dawn arrived to find the glorious sons of Freedom dead.
A foul assassin's band that numbered 14 vicious killers
Like jackals used the darkness when they came to murder Fred.

Now they're taking off their masks, we can see the faces they've hidden
They don't seem any more to care to play at masquerades.
The bullet-riddled bodies of Mark Clark and poor Fred Hampton
See the killers' smiling faces as they carry them away.

They had papers in their hands that the Judge had put his mark on
Said that they might search for guns and other contraband.
But they were used by madmen; made licenses to murder
Now fascist hordes of Hell have now been loosed upon our land

Now they're taking off their masks, we can see the faces they've hidden
They don't seem any more to care to play at masquerades.
The bullet-riddled bodies of Mark Clark and poor Fred Hampton
See the killers' smiling faces as they carry them away.

There was John and there was Bob and there was Martin Luther
All brave young men whose love for brotherhood was understood.
Madmen in their violence cannot hush the voice of truth now.
Nor can their evil ever really triumph over good.

Now they're taking off their masks, we can see the faces they've hidden
They don't seem any more to care to play at masquerades.
The bullet-riddled bodies of Mark Clark and poor Fred Hampton
See the killers' smiling faces as they carry them away.

All freedom-loving children, you must be ready to do battle
Against the tyrants that control the cruel wars they make.
To win the fight for peace we must stop their cedeit now
The world must have a future and our liberty's at stake.

Well we're taking off our masks, we're crying "Power to the People!"
We're holding up our guns, we will charge the barricades.
Sing a battle cry for freedom, keep the mighty legion marching
The tide is swiftly turning, and new history's being made.

San Francisco--A federal Grand Jury probe here is threatening the Black Panther Party with possible indictments under a federal conspiracy law or under the Smith "thought-control" act.

On January 14, three Black Panthers, Raymond "Masai" Hewitt, managing editor of the Black Panther newspaper, John Seale, the paper's production manager and brother of BPP Chairman Bobby Seale, and Samuel Napier, the paper's circulation manager, were called before the Grand Jury to testify on their activities in publishing the Panther's weekly newspaper.

San Francisco attorney Charles Garry, who has been the Panther's general counsel for the past two years, said he advised his clients to neither testify nor to produce the records sought by the government. All three Panthers took the fifth amendment and were dismissed until February 11, when the grilling continued.

The Federal Grand Jury probe, which is being handled by a team of lawyers from the Justice Department's criminal division in Washington, has been conducted since at least April 1969.

At that time the government announced they were looking into possible violations of the Smith Act. This act permits imprisonment solely for the advocacy of ideas. It provides a maximum penalty of 20 years imprisonment and a \$20,000 fine.

In addition, the investigators are looking into possibilities for indicting the Panthers for "mail fraud" involving contributions to the party and its several defense funds and for interstate travel for "violent purposes".

The Panthers and their lawyer, Garry, have vowed to fight these additional pernicious attempts to crush the Black Panther Party. The greatest possible support is needed to carry out this fight.

New York (LNS)--Judge John "Mudface" Murtagh told the Panther 21 and the people just where he stands this week.

"I'm attempting to administer justice under the American system of Government," he said.

"You better believe it. He's ready to send the 21 away for a few hundred years, and their lawyers for a decade or so. Murtagh said that whatever injustices or illegalities were committed weren't his fault. The Panther lawyers,

especially Gerry Lefcourt, were "Preventing a fair trial for their clients," the judge noted.

Murtagh attacked Lefcourt for speaking at a public meeting at Hunter College. He accused the 27-year-old attorney of inciting young people to come down to his courtroom and cut up.

There were lots of long-hairs in court that day. When the Panthers entered the room with fists raised, shouting "All Power to the People!", the people flashed fists and shouted back.

Murtagh singled out Alvin Katz for contempt of court charges, and sentenced him to 30 days in jail. Katz told Murtagh just what he thought about his American system and Government:

"I don't recognize this court as representative of the people," he said. "I have no respect for it!"

Murtagh then made a speech attacking white youth, long-hairs, and freaks.

Earlier the same day, before the Panther session opened, Murtagh took care of some old business. He issued a guilty verdict for a black youth who was carrying a knife and had robbed a purse, sentencing him to 15 years in jail. He said he was a "threat to his community," a "dangerous individual" who should be locked up.

Minutes later, the judge saw Alvin Katz as a threat to the old white order. So Katz got 30 days for raising his fist. And if Lefcourt continues to speak out against repression, Murtagh promises a long prison term for contempt. In Lefcourt's view, with the Hoffmand and the Murtaghs in control, "the First Amendment is dead in America."

The trial of the 21 has not yet formally begun. Defense motions are now being argued, and throughout the week there was abundant evidence of injustice. Cops on the witness stand put forth one lie after another. Their testimony is clearly doctored. Each cop has admitted that he has gone over his testimony with the District Attorney, and with other cops. They have had their memories "refreshed."

The Panthers were originally arrested on April 2, 1969 on false pretexts. Illegal entries and searches were carried out; defense motions are designed to affirm the illegality of the searches and the arrests.

The Policeman who went to Michael Cetewayo Tabor's door was black. Behind him were six white cops. His black face was used to throw off any suspicions. He said he had come about a noise complaint. When Cetewayo refused to open the door, the pigs knocked it down. The black cop at Ali Bey Hassan's door said he had come about a gas leak. That too was a lie.

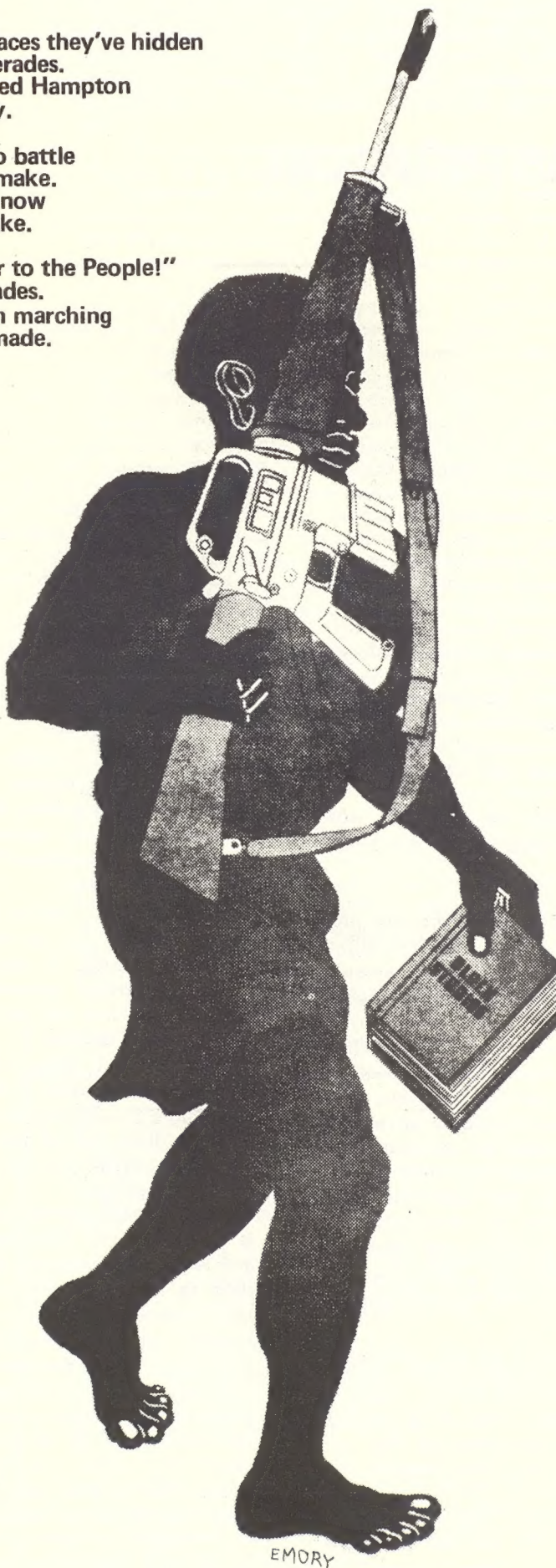
The cops had no search warrants for the Panther apartments. Yet they engaged in general searches. The weapons they seized are therefore presented in evidence in violation of the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution, which prohibits unlawful searches and seizures.

The cop who arrested Ali Bey Hassan developed a tale that would legally justify the seizure of Hassan's revolver. The cop testified that he entered the apartment, walked down the hallway, and saw Hassan on a mattress. Hassan got up, according to the cop's story, and reached for his revolver. The cop testified that he told Hassan to "Drop it!", and then took the gun away from him. But few people in the courtroom believed that tale. Why, with an armed cop coming at him, would Hassan have been lounging casually on a mattress? And why would he have waited until the cop was two feet in front of him to pick up a gun? It doesn't make sense--but the cops' testimony fits the requirements of the search and seizure laws, even if it misses the requirements of truth.

The Panthers laughed at his testimony. "Spare us, O Great White Detective," mocked Dahruba at one point. The same cop testified that he seized cocaine from Hassan's apartment. "Didn't you taste it to see if it was good coke?" Dahruba asked. When pressed by the defense lawyers, the cop admitted that he hadn't actually seized the cocaine, that he had only heard a few days after the arrest, from another cop, that cocaine was in the apartment.

The Panthers aren't getting a thing without fighting for it. Every right is excluded or denied, unless there's a disturbance or an outcry in the courtroom. None of the defendants has been fed properly during the trial so far. Each day for breakfast, and for lunch, they have been given jelly sandwiches on stale white bread. Only after repeated demands did they get a hot meal. And getting their Constitutional rights from Judge Murtagh will be a lot harder than getting a better lunch.

Adding insult to infamy, the authorities have charged the people who were in the Panther commune on the night of December 4th with attempted murder. The Illinois Seven need your support to avoid being framed by the same forces that killed Mark Clark and Fred Hampton. Send contributions to the Illinois Black Panther Party, 2350 West Madison Street, and check out the Panther newsletter or this paper for further information on how you can help keep the brothers and sisters free.



Those commie longhair revolutionaries are up to some new tricks. Things to watch out for are:

Writing slogans like Off the Pigs, Free Huey, VC will win, Free Dope, Free Everything on paper money before passing it on.

Spraypainting that stuff on walls, street signs, sidewalks, cop cars, etc.

Stenciling large yellow stars on mailboxes where the red and blue meet, making an instant NLF flag.

Putting epoxy cement in parking meters.

Smoking Mary-wanna in theatres and other public places when the lights are off.

At least 25 persons were busted last week in a new kind of drug raid - conspiracy charges based on wiretap evidence. Apparently the government will seek conviction solely from tape-recorded voices even where no actual drugs were found.

All the busts were near Washington, D.C., a federal laboratory for new police techniques. A new law permits wiretaps to be authorized by judges, like search warrants. In practice the police can go "judge shopping" to find one who is a rubber stamp.

The victims were not told the charges against them for several days, in accordance with another new law, designed to prevent them from warning others. Presumably constitutional issues will be raised in court.

Meanwhile there's more reason than ever to be cool on the phone. One wiretap expert who knew that his own home would be bugged said that whenever he wanted a private conversation he went for a walk. Or couldn't we devise codes subtle enough that no one could prove we weren't talking about something else?

Four teenagers in the suburban town of Euclid, outside Cleveland, Ohio, have been charged with arson - setting fire to Lake Erie.

Fires were set on the lake Friday and Saturday nights last week. The highly polluted lake has been a dead sea for years.

Flames from the fire shot high in the air. The flames were fueled by oil, which, firemen said, had apparently flowed into the lake via a storm sewer. This, of course, is not the first incident of flaming waters in Cleveland - the Cuyahoga river burned down two bridges and got itself declared a municipal fire hazard last summer.

Folks in the western suburbs tell us that the heat has been on this winter in terms of dope, but it seems to be cooling off lately. The College of DuPage (with about 4000 students) has 29 full time narcs and about 50 paid informers lurking around, these sources say. At almost every school function this year people have been busted, but it's managed to stay out of the news.

Fayetteville, N.C.'s hip community is undergoing one of the most extensive and prying police snoops ever. After an Army Captain into nearby Fort Bragg identified the killers of his wife and kids as hippies who chanted "Acid is groovy, kill the pigs", including a blond girl who carried a candle. So every blond girl in town who the cops think looks like a hippie is being picked up and made to say, "Acid is groovy, kill the pigs" into a tape recorder. The hippies, defenseless and frightened, are so far putting up with it, but, in the meantime, some queer things have been brought out about the case. The three dead females were all stabbed in the chest and stomach, but the Captain was just stabbed in the stomach; also, the physical evidence does not exactly match up with the Captain's story. His whole account is such an incredible honko sado-masochistic fantasy riff, that it wouldn't be all that surprising if he turns out to be the guilty one.

Thanks to the fearless, hard-hitting campaign conducted by this newspaper, the Youth International Party and the IWW, the CTA has been forced to back down on its promise to raise the fare. The fare increase was originally to have been 10 cents, but CTA officials, faced with a rising storm of public indignation, decreased the increase to 5 cents. This was an obvious move to rake the pressure off, but it didn't work. When "Free CTA" signs and graffiti began appearing in every el and subway stop, in every bus and train, CTA officials began to fear for their personal safety. An aroused people, they knew, would not stop at writing on walls. The fare increase has been cancelled -- for now.

There will certainly be another threat to increase the fare intime. We have won this battle, but the war goes on. It isn't enough just to fight fare increases -- we must begin forcing the CTA to LOWER their fares, eventually (now!) to eliminate them entirely. Public transportation must be free to everyone; the banks and bondholders must not be allowed to profit from our necessities. Free the CTA! And free it NOW!

Saigon--A twenty-four-year-old student has been sentenced to five years at hard labor for composing anti-war songs.

The defendant, Pan Van Thang, was convicted by a military court of "acts which weaken the anti-Communist spirit of the army and the Republic of Vietnam."

Thang, a sociology and journalism student at Saigon's Van Hahn University, was director of the school's choral group. The charges were said to involve his allowing the Student Association of Saigon to mimeograph and distribute a book containing his songs in 1967.

Sources said the book, entitled "Songs from the Deserted Fields," contained four songs considered objectionable.

One, titled "Lullaby," contained the lines:

"Sleep, my son, sleep, my son.

When you grow up, you will hold guns and swords

Sleep, my son, sleep, my son.

When you grow up you will kill

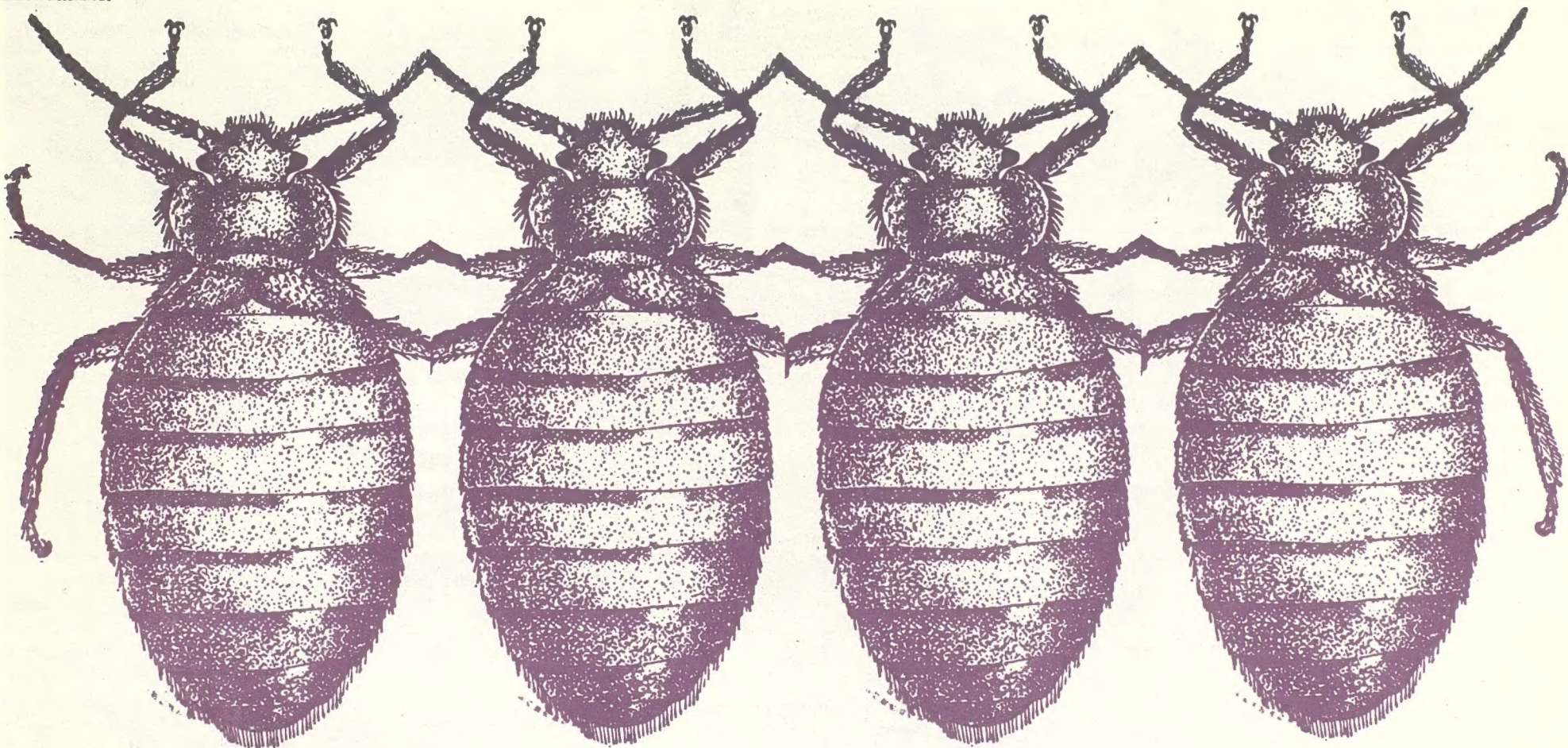
Your friends and brothers.

An oft-tried plan for improving the public's driving, rewarding good drivers, is being tried again in Upper Pottsgrove, Pa. But this time, instead of receiving certificates or getting mentioned in a local paper, the reward is a ticket worth a free hamburger and fries at a local drive-in.

It seems to work--drivers have been outdoing themselves striving for that golden medium-rare reward.

British physicians are now fostering a technique for skin analysis for determining cannabis use among islanders. The test calls for a chloroform swab of a suspect's fingertips. The smear lifts cannabis oil which is insoluble in water from the skin.

Medical lecturer, Dr. Anne Robinson, claims long periods of time do not affect the test. She received positive results on the body of a woman found submerged in the Thames for three days. Other tests on live individuals were taken, also with positive results, a mere two to three hours from the last toké. Hashish was found to be the most responsive to the new technique.



BLIND AL'S CRABS

watch this space for further developments....

police beating of Peck was wholly unjustified.

Peck, a sociology professor at Case-Western Reserve University, was clubbed down, beaten and dragged 100 feet to a paddy wagon during the Democratic Convention demonstration. His injuries required hospitalization and surgery.

That wacky band of fun-loving imperialists, the Central Intelligence Agency, is up to some time-honored tricks down at Southern Illinois University in Carbondale, Illinois. They picked the placid small town campus, never known for student activism, as a good place to set up a project called the Center for Vietnamese Studies, apparently along the lines of the infamous Michigan

Chicago (LNS)--Mayor Daley's systematic vengeance against the demonstrators who shook his town during the Democratic Convention has hit a snag. Sidney Peck, co-chairman of the New Mobilization Committee, escaped what might have been a 12 year sentence when a Chicago court jury found him not guilty of aggravated battery against Chicago's deputy superintendent of police.

While acquitting Peck on the heavier charge, Judge Felix Boscio found Peck guilty of two lesser counts -- aggravated assault and resisting arrest. The judge's final remarks made a suspended sentence seem likely.

"It's really a major victory," said Peck.

Judge Boscio's decision came as a real surprise after the prosecution had argued in its summation that a not guilty verdict would be tantamount to calling Deputy Superintendent of Police James Rocheford a liar. Rocheford (and two other Chicago pigs) claimed that Peck had attacked him.

Boscio ruled that the Chicago police used force far in excess of what was necessary to subdue Peck, and that a

State University project of the late fifties which trained Ngo Dinh Diem's personal police and offered him several different kinds of help in order to keep him in power. To insure the project's success, the CIA brought in Wesley Fishel, who ran the MSU project, and John Hannah, former President of MSU and now director of the notorious CIA-front Agency for International Development, to help things along.

But this ain't the late 50s anymore, friend. As soon as word of the project leaked out, student radicals sprang up at SIU like Viet Cong in the Mekong Delta night. The conflict started simmering last fall, and has kept things jumping at SIU all winter. It finally came to a boil last week, when several hundred students trashed a few dozen windows in two separate sorties into the Carbondale business district. They also hit the house of SIU president Delyte Morris, whose \$900,000 house caused a separate controversy last month.

It just seems like there ain't a campus in the nation where a good honest imperialist can set up a shop anymore.

In The Beginning God Created The Heaven And The Yardbirds...

Now There Is *Renaissance*.

"Clapton, Beck and Page all capitalized on their Yardbirds reputation and formed their own bands. Each one, in turn, was heralded among 'those in the know' as THE English group." Now there is Renaissance. Keith Relf, Jim McCarty, and Paul Samwell-Smith. Along with them are Jane Relf, John Hawken, and Louis Cennamo. "Blending pure classical instrumentation with soft, folk-like vocal, Renaissance swings through a backdrop of Classical and Romantic influences. Keith Relf has finally come out with a group that equals, if not darn near surpasses, the potential of the aforementioned bands."

Quoted from a review by Pete Samish, L.A. Free Press, 11/29/69.

The embryonic genius that was the Yardbirds is once again extended in a renaissance that is *Renaissance*.
Their first album on



RENAISSANCE EKS 74068
PRODUCED BY PAUL SAMWELL-SMITH

FIRST U.S. TOUR FOR RENAISSANCE. SEE THEM AT The Auditorium Theatre, Chicago, Ill. . . . March 1

ROCK RIPOFFS! FROM PAGE 8

possible, but putting labels on raises the price a lot; so does printing on the album cover. This record cost us a lot to make; the next ones should cost a lot less, we've learned a lot and we won't make the same mistakes again. You save a lot of money if you take them a finished product to be worked on; we'll have it all together when we go next time.

Seed: What's to stop people from taping albums, re-mastering them, and making bootleg copies of every album that comes out for a lower price?

J: I think that would fall into the category of counterfeiting, which is fraud and punishable by imprisonment. There's some sort of intent shown by counterfeiting that makes it fraud.

Seed: Nothing that's not present when you bootleg from tapes. As long as you don't try to copy the album cover or imply that the record IS the original, it's the same trip as what you're doing now.

J: Well after awhile, there isn't gonna be any access to pressing plants to make the records. Pressing takes a big set-up that costs lots of bread and after awhile, I don't think there'll be any places to have it made. There'll be injunctions down all over the place. People will have to decide from the beginning that they are going to do it from stuff that people don't have a chance to hear otherwise. They should record concerts and festivals and jams that the record companies don't, cause a lot of good stuff comes out of them.

Seed: Was your reason for making it to make some bread?

J: No, just the opposite. When the album comes out, it's supposed to be \$6.98 list, and that's jive.

S: Also, the thing is that people have been waiting since June for the *Get Back* album to come out. They're supposed to be releasing a movie soundtrack AND a regular studio album, plus a 160-page book, all as an expensive package.

Seed: Well, why are the bootleg albums made of such cheap vinyl? I just dropped one, and the whole thing broke...

J: Well, the guy we went to was the best one we could find in Chicago. Ours really cost a lot to do and we tried to make it as good as we could and still sell it cheap. The most they're selling for in the stores -- the most I told the people to sell them for -- is \$4. The records cost us three times what they could have if we had done it super cheaply.

You see, this bootlegging thing can be an easy rip-off -- you package an album with -- say, the Beatles, Stones and Hendrix all mixed together and wrapped up nice and pretty. People pay ten bucks for it and it turns out there's nothing inside as far as quality goes.

The whole thing behind it is to get the record companies to start putting out this stuff, and you only have to pay 4 or 5 bucks instead of 7 or 10 or whatever they're going to charge.

Seed: Is it possible to put out the records so they cost maybe \$2.50 instead of \$4, cause with the extra things that the record companies have to pay, it's possible that you'd still be making the same amount of money they do.

J: From what I understand, the record companies get to keep everything after the first 43 cents of what they sell the record for -- 43 cents pays for everything. After that, the distributors get theirs, the one-stoppers (local distributors) get theirs, and the record stores get their cut.

S: Also, the way the present R&R structure works, groups are jamming together for one time and only like 500 people hear them. The music is being made, and people want to hear it, so it should be made available to them.

Seed: Do you see bootlegging as having any power to change the record companies' prices or policies?

J: Hopefully, people will dig that it's saying to them, "Hey, wake up, they're hyping the shit out of you and you're paying a lot more than you have to pay." If it happens to the big companies every time they turn around...

Seed: Do you see prices like \$2 a record happening?

J: Sure, easy. It only costs 50 cents a copy or so without labels. Why shouldn't you be able to sell them for a deuce?

S: Enough people are going to get hip to how to do this, and it won't be as localized as it is. It'll be like, as soon as a bootleg record or tape comes out, people all over the country will pick up on it and make their own pressings. That'll keep the price at \$2 and force the record companies to compete with the bootleg prices. If it gets really local, there's no way the record companies could stop it... for example, if one cat in Chicago is pressing 1000 copies.

Seed: How many copies of the album did you make?

J: We made close to 5000, but we got fucked because somebody ripped off 500 copies. It sold pretty well -- we've sold something like 4100 of them. All the other "undergrounds" so far have cost \$5.25 -- the record stores have to pay \$5.00 for them -- because the people making the other ones are charging a lot of money for them. This one is selling for \$3.50 or \$4. We want to be able to keep getting the price lower and lower.

Seed: Will record companies feel any pressure from these albums if they're selling for 3 or 4 dollars?

J: The thing is I'm not trying to make record companies directly lower their prices, just to hip people to the fact; they're the ones that will do it.

Seed: What's on the record?

S: The FM tape is only 26 minutes long, so we added three cuts to it. We added "The Ballad of John and Yoko" and "Across the Universe" from their new single. Actually, two cuts of "Across the Universe." The album runs about 39 minutes.

Seed: What happens when companies tighten security to prevent any leaks that might lead to bootlegging?

S: Shit, people make tapes of groups all the time. Live records will be happening. What you can do if you can get on stage to make a live recording is really remarkable.

J: Have you ever heard the bootleg Stones album "LiveR Than You'll Ever Be?" They do the same songs that they do on "Let It Bleed" only you'd never know they were the same songs by the way they do them live.

Seed: There have been a lot of complaints about the sound quality of bootleg albums. Given that you did a fairly high-quality job, there's still no comparison between the quality of your album and that of the Apple albums that the Beatles generally release.

S: That's not what you're attempting to do. Of course we can't produce stuff like the Beatles get on super expensive studio equipment, but the goal is to make the highest quality LIVE recordings that you can. One of the things we learned doing this album is that there's equipment available that can increase the quality of the recording tremendously. That's what we're into doing -- constantly making the albums better and better until we perfect the technique. I think about it like a film. Like Pennebaker. He doesn't get the same results with his hand-held camera and his 1 1/4 i.p.s. cassette tape recorder; he doesn't get the same quality film and recordings as a studio can get, but it gives him a maneuverability that still makes his films exciting and relevant and worthwhile. It's like Polanski -- he went to Hollywood and fucked up. They gave him all this equipment and machinery and he made this terrible atrocious film. Sure, I'd like to make recordings with really fantastic sound-quality, but I don't want to work for Capitol Records!

Seed: Do you intend to make other records--possibly with higher quality reproduction?

J: Definitely. We're using all the money that we make on this one to buy more equipment -- so that we can go to concerts...

S: Don't say concert; say "festival"....

J: We're going to be using real good equipment; Vega and Uher....

S: ...cordless microphones, receivers, mixer boxes; I think that the level of sound reproduction can be perfected by using four or eight mike-pickups from various points....

S: (responding to no particular question) Bootlegging records isn't a glamorous job. You are forced to deal with some extremely draggy people. You get hassled and you begin to see the greed in everyone's face, including your own. It's kind of a wierd trip,

Seed: Is there anything to stop greedfreaks from

setting up large-scale bootlegging operations and taking it out of the hands of the local people?

S: Sure, well the greedfreaks can't do a large-scale operation for very long before the record company gets hip to them. Then all they need is an injunction to shut down their operation. If you do it long enough, you'll get cracked. That's what happened to the guy that did the original Dylan bootleg. He split to Canada and then came back to do some more, and got caught.

J: If they catch you one time, they can put an injunction on you, but if they get you again, they can lock you up for contempt of court.

S: Right. And suppose some schmuck vice-president of Columbia Records gets a tape of some group and decides to sell it for \$50,000; who's gonna buy it for \$50,000? I'm often approached by people who want to sell tapes -- good live stereo tapes for \$15,000. Why pay \$15,000 for a tape when you can get \$1500 worth of equipment and make your own tapes....

DOPE SCENE TIPOFFS! FROM PAGE 8

talk to people like that and they're always going to talk about acid. People still go running around taking acid, but you can only take acid for so long. Eventually after you've done everything you reach a point where you're getting nothing out of it. Especially being in a place like Chicago. You can't even think about it.

Seed: Have you had any run-ins with "organized crime?"

Stash: No. You know, the Mafia people don't deal weed. They didn't as of up to a little while ago, and I don't think they've started. There's no bread in it for them, and besides the bulk and the smell make it hard to transport.

For awhile I thought they might get into it, but the prices have dropped. They're into other things than grass.

Seed: Why did the prices go up last year? The rap said that there was hoarding by the Mafia, but you say that they're not into dealing grass.

Stash: Well, there was the usual drought in Mexico. We have it every year.

Seed: Did Operation Intercept play a role?

Stash: I think it was a big flop, a typical government move. But it's groovy. Let 'em think they stopped whatever they stopped. The only success they did have was in burning out the fields, which stopped the overflow, but now people are much more aware of the better quality weed...

Seed: It was an education program by the government.

Stash: That's right. People aren't going to be interested in settling for the other weed when they know that stronger weed is readily available. By now, it's easier to buy pot than it is to get clothes or something.

Seed: What's dope use like at the average high school in Chicago?

Stash: I'd say pretty heavy. I'm not really sure. I'd just have to imagine that there are cats in high school who are like 16-17 years old -- you gotta expect some of them to be into dealing weed, and a few have to be dealing keys and pounds.

People in high school are into a lot. It's weird. High school's a lot different, and it's only been a few years since we got out.

Seed: Talk about heat.

Stash: The only heat's within yourself. There is no real heat. The pigs work on advice from informants and they're really only into busting dealers and maybe an occasional political bust, and if you're not into dealing at all and just smoke some weed don't be so uptight about it. Especially if you look straight.

The only heat comes from when they bust somebody and they say they copped dope from you. They act on the information supplied by the informants, so you don't have to worry about wiretapping and shit like that except in very rare instances when thousands of dollars of dope is involved.

Many a smuggler that I know who's been busted has been assured that no wiretapping went on.

Seed: What are some of the ways people are getting in large quantities of dope?

Stash: The various ways? You fucking deal for a few years, work your ass off, and find out what to do. I ain't telling you.

23 →



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← 3

get me out."

"It shows that people are okay. The people are ready to make this world free."

"You fucker, they ain't ready. If they was ready, they'd pack their shit on them and come and free us."

"Is Moe out there?" (referring to Winston Moore, the Warden).

"Yeah!"

"What's he doing?"

"He's out there running, trying to avoid an ass-whipping."

"They ought to kill him."

Four more guards jog past our bars. The Stone says: "Look at them rubbing their fists. Don't come back rubbing your eye."

"Hey number 15, what they doing?"

They're throwing snowballs and bottles at the mother-fucking pigs."

"I hope they tear this motherfucker down."

"Kill Moe."

"Killing Moe won't do us any good."

"Yeah, but I'd be plenty satisfied."

"I heard someone say down here they cut the telephone wires."

"That's a good idea,"

"If all the people out there was Stones, we'd get out."

"Turn on WBBM (the all-news station) and see what's happening."

The radio barfs up some cigarette ad, and then a voice beeps:

"In Washington D.C., several thousand youthful supporters of the Chicago Conspiracy defendants gathered across from the Justice Department to hear Anita Hoffman, wife of Abbie Hoffman, and William Kunstler, attorney for the Chicago 7."

"Later, the police had to push the crowd back. The crowd responded by throwing rocks and boards."

The announcement starts wild cheers and yells in Tier 4.

Then the radio voice continues:

"Firebombs hit a police station, naval recruiting office and the home of a judge today in New York."

This announcement brings pandemonium.

Outside, a helicopter motor whirls directly overhead. Someone screams: "hey, they're coming over the wall down here. They're coming over the fucking wall."

Three guards scramble down the corridor towards that voice. The air is charged with electricity.

The Stone plays: "Come on and get me. O come on and get me. I better put on my shit. Everyone get your

25→



ABBIE HOFFMAN



WILLIAM KUNSTLER



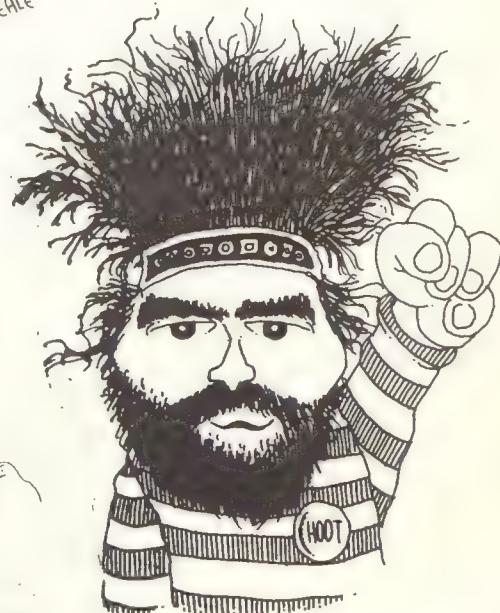
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PETER SOLT 1/06/70

LETTER TO MY BROTHER, IN JAIL

In New Hampshire now, where
I am, it is snowing.
the snow is a foot deep and
still coming down. the blanket is
very deep, very
cold, as the air is.

.cold.

as you are, as it is there, where
you are. cold. where the distances
are once more. space,
between people. real miles, from one
to those others. distance,
no yardstick can see. let

my love fill up space, move in as the
thing it is. let it be a blanket,
a strong warmth, for you to wear
against the cold.

David Sinclair
25 February 1966
Hanover

WHERE DO ALL THE FASCISTS COME FROM?

you can get anything you want
at Alice's Rest tore rawnt

better get it fast
fast fascists
are throwing Alice's out

Summerhill Sanctuary Guild Natural Child
swirled down the fascist drain
land LORDS lordy
won't take the rent
when people refuse money
honey you know something
is mighty wrong

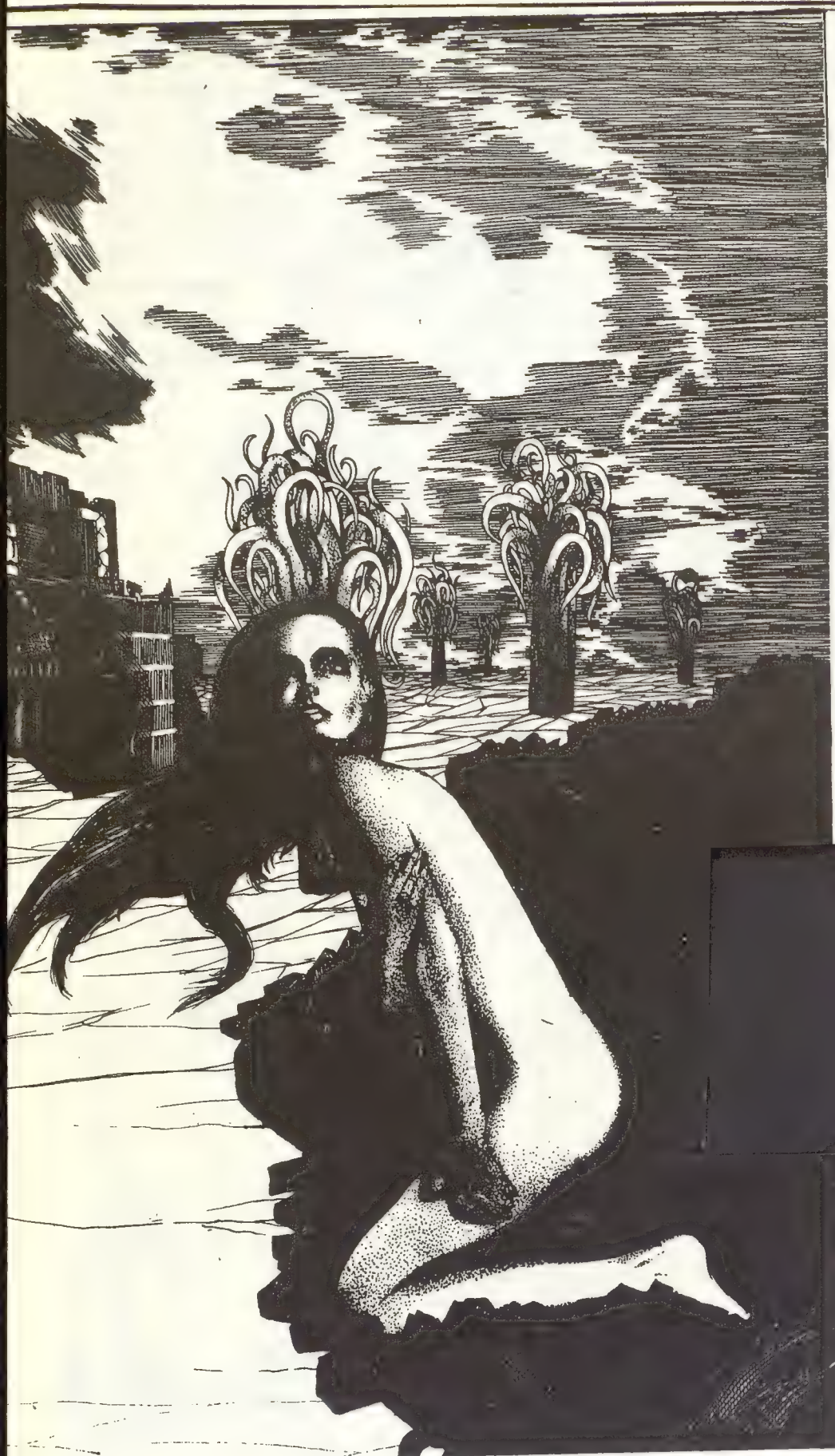
"we're kicking you out"
Alice
take to the streets
where our helmeted
armed serfers and
protectors can get a
better crack at your
skull
look what you did to
our nice
Lincoln Avenue
do you think Lincoln
would put up with you

In God We Trust

someone who we yes sir
is holding a small automatic
weapon to our heads
you heads have to go
we can't let people do
what they want in this
Democracy
we can't have revolutionary
talk in OUR city
we can't have open mouthed
poetry vibrating OUR ideals
we won't let those dirty
longhaired you know whats
alone
they need a haircut and a job
let them work for us
we know what's good for them
we want peace
law&order
law&order
neat trim goose-step law
tight yes-sir order
OUT!

Chicago is always right
Our Daley is always right
Our Great Nation is always
right
Our Imperial Laws are always right
right

Amen
berton lieberman



THE ALTERNATIVE PRESS

(presses
against the fat honkoid nuts. And their "owner"
screams his pain--another oink pressed from his mouth
like a fart. An alternative
is all we want, some way out
of all that ownership. Free poems
free everything, is our one demand.

An alternative then,
a way out. "Far out, is what these lives
become." And the man from the "Free Press"
asked me, "When did you last
write a poem? What are your thoughts
on the role of the arts
in politics;revolution?" Well,
I wrote a poem for Bobby Seale
two days ago, I wrote a poem for Ho
when he died. October 1st I wrote a poem
for Mao Tse-Tung, & I wrote another one for Pun
on the run. I don't have any thoughts
anymore, just feelings. Just

feelings. The alternative
press. Presses. Free Poems, oh yes,
a free press
of our own. Or to put it one more way,
"What we demand is the unity
of politics and art, the unity of content
& form, the unity of revolutionary political content
and the highest possible perfection
of artistic form." Right on, Brother Mao!
And we will press that alternative
in the face of whatever it is
would not have us free--we will press it

A small bird gabbling in the stream,
envious of those who jump and swim;
I draw my breath at dragonflies,
exhale--lose sight;
I have never been so alone

no. 2

I am
Caught between the cricket's hind legs,
blind with decisions
only time can arrange.
Yet,
leaning some day, unaware
one Way or the Other
I'll slip on the clear ice downhill.

Lisa Bayer

On watching the pussy which is neatly
Drawn: on the new 20th century poster;
it don't move;
it's well drawn
But
it don't move

It's a work of art
But it don't move
It's well proportioned

The lines are
Superb, Composition, tremendous
But it don't move;

One must say, my hoe realistic
The artist is really good.
Sensitive; creative;
But it don't move;
It's really life like;
It's beautiful,

But it don't
It's a good looking woman
She looks so relaxes;
So alive

So feminine
But it

IT

IT

IT don't move

Bennie Luchion

nice...

cream rises

dream rises

dreams rise, like trout jumping at a mirror,
snapping at the crumbs dancing outside
that consciousness bubble...the membrane becomes

perfectly permeable

hiya kids, hiya hiya.

Lester Dore


all the poems on this page except those by the brothers Sinclair are part of a series
called 2-Penny Poems, available at the Bookstore, 2478 N Lincoln Avenue



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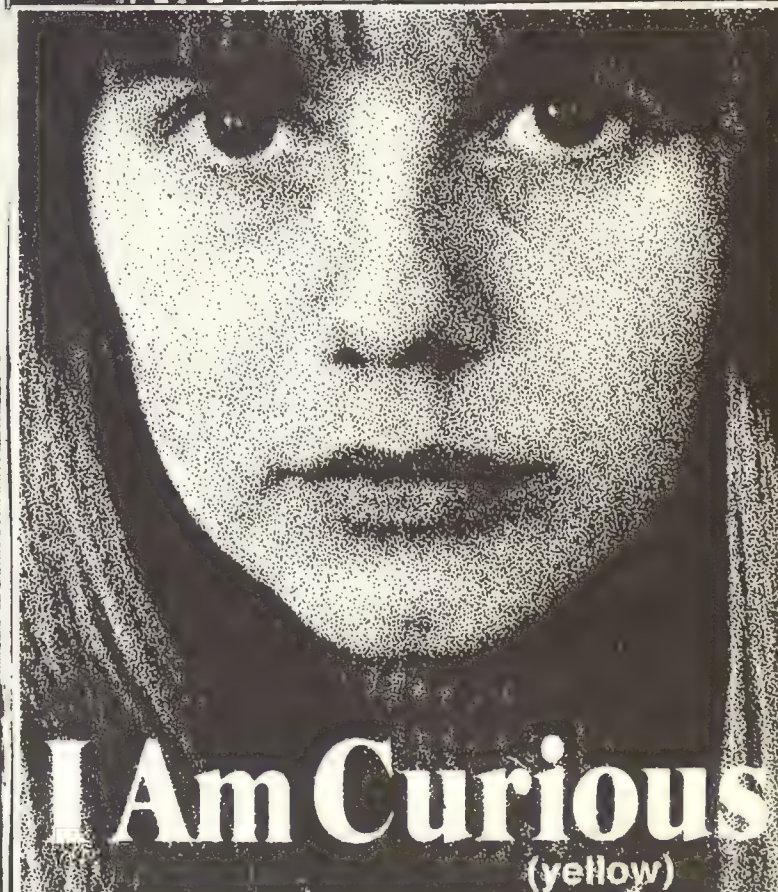
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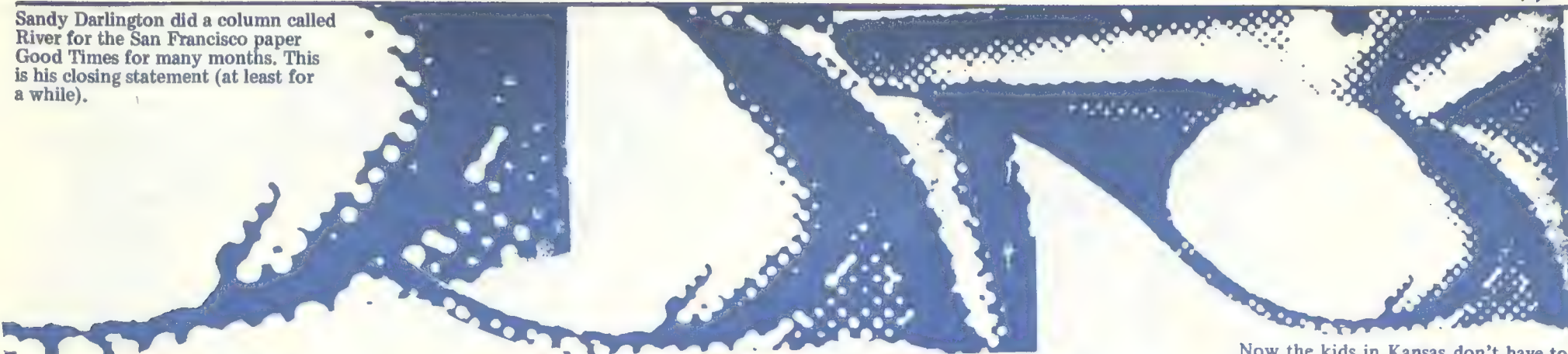
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1341 W Morse
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Sandy Darlington did a column called River for the San Francisco paper Good Times for many months. This is his closing statement (at least for a while).



sandy darlington

I've quit writing River regularly for a while. Two main reasons, both having to do with time and concentration.

For over a year, I've been working on a novel. I've finished the first draft and am beginning to rewrite. Rewriting takes me more actual working time than writing. To get a first draft, I must concentrate my feelings into a point of expression. One cannot know these things precisely, but it seems as though once I have set up the basic intention in my head that will lead toward a certain expression, my mind refers it to the back of my head where it wanders about picking up body until it is ready. Then it impels me and I write it.

A lot of actions help me to get to that point: wandering around, tripping out, writing other things, chopping wood, reading. Well, now that dreaming time is over and I have to wrestle with what already exists. For that, nothing seems to work except work, and silence.

Also I've brought River to the point where my proper subject is the 60s or now. Before I got into the novel, I used to write about present events for this paper. It took me a long time. So . . . I went back into music history where I could be both quick and honest. That is, I can lay out a quick picture of Bill Monroe and it will be exactly what it purports to be. But if I had done that on People's Park, it would have been a shuck.

So . . . I'll bide my time for a while.

Also there's our baby. She dwarfs all these little subjects I've been using as metaphor. Time to let that sink in. Time to find new levels. Self-criticism must be carried on constantly and relentlessly.

My general plan is not to become a novelist, simply to do this one book, which involves the death of my individuality. After that I should be ready to reinvolve myself, or really involve myself for the first time, in a collective activity. Such as this paper. Best laid plans have a way of evaporating. And the terms change. Still, something of that sort will probably happen. There is no future for individual action, no point in it, and in fact it is basically reactionary.

The time has come for action. If the course is not clear, we must stop and clarify, then act. I believe that is widely felt and largely explains the lack of large scale visible student unrest and so forth. People are getting ready. Also there are no centers now, no scenes. They have all been shot out from under us, at People's Park and Altamont. We were very cinematic as flower children and revolutionaries, but our costumes have been torn from us. We are unmasked. It turned out it all was just bowling leagues, bridge parties, the junior prom, ways to idle away our time.

Now we must learn to be, to do it for real. Hanging out on the corner is not enough. That too has degenerated into a mere position. There is no static being.

You must decide what you are, what you want, then act accordingly. Life takes place in particular ways. We can teach, sew, write, fight, learn, doctor, farm, carpenter.

But do something. As honkies we have been trained to selfish, gaudily indifferent (oh man politics is nowhere) and incompetent. Perfect citizens for an Aquarian Age consumer society. At this rate we are going to do even less to improve the world than our parents did.

There was a magic land for children of all ages, a place inhabited by knights and ladies, ogres, beanstalks, cowboys, Indians . . . the magic land of rock and roll. Kids who were onto magic made the trek there and made music or listened. Then the listeners grew up and decided that they couldn't make magic themselves. (They had no right to decide that. It is in fact criminal to decide that and thus absolve yourself of responsibility.) The listeners decided that although they couldn't make magic, they could build freeways to magic land so that everybody could go there.

Now there are freeways. Everybody knows the way. The roads and magic land are clogged with businessmen and billboards and kids who don't have any sense of magic. Hence the magic is dead. The way to kill magic is to market it as instant, without ritual, instantly available to everybody. Get your sea-change here.

Now the kids in Kansas don't have to run away to the Haight. All they have to do is buy the new Janis LP. The pity is that a lot of those who have done this to us will never know what went wrong. They were only trying to help the Injuns. After all, the Injuns hadn't developed the country. So we developed it for them. Why are the Injuns complaining? By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea we wept.

Historically however this is an advance because if we are ever to face up to and fight the American Moloch, we must be absolutely desperate, with no place to run to, no earphones to hide behind. We are entering such an era. It's going to be like trench warfare in World War I.

What is the position of media in all this? Largely behind the rhetoric of McLuhan, we have evaded our responsibility. We are fascinated with dots, zig-zags, Woodstock Nation jive cliches. We've tried to sell revolution like used cars. I see a poster of Marvin Garson, that picture where he has on shades and has a pistol in his hand. The caption is: Would you buy a Revolution from this man? Marvin is easy to pick on of course, but all of our pictures could be there. Let the buyer beware.

What the electronic age and the global village really means is *not* medium-fixation. In the communication process, there is me, what I have to say, the medium I use, and you. In the global village this becomes a whole lot of people talking with each other. It is easy (bourgeois) to let your mind and mouth

con't overleaf —>

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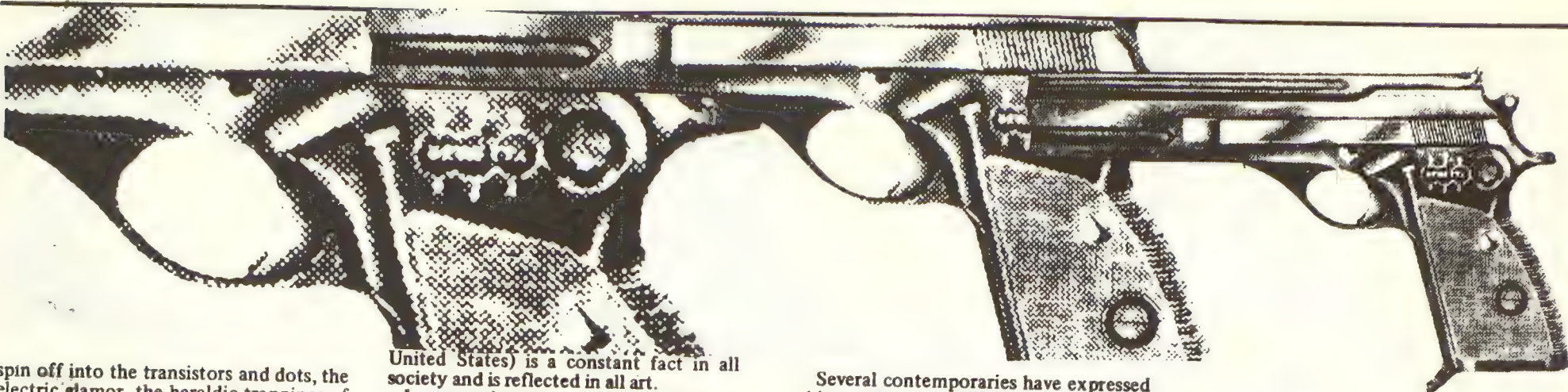
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spin off into the transistors and dots, the electric glamor, the heraldic trappings of the electronic age. It's easy to get hung up in the medium. But actually the medium is the least important part of the process. Until you've gotten command of your medium to the point where you simply use it without worrying about it, you haven't begun to work. The fact is that all communications begins with / and goes to you. Our basic responsibility as communicators is the same as it has always been since the beginning of time: say what you mean, say it deeply and say it clearly.

Art. Experience your reality, let it transform into your medium. (Corollary: If it won't transform, shut up, or at least don't kid yourself into thinking you've arrived.) When it has transformed, then express it. When a thing is said clearly, that is its proper form. There is no real distinction between content and form. Form is content clearly rendered.

Art, the product of that, is not reality, it is a reflection of reality. (This part I got from *La Chinoise*.) It should be a true expression of reality. All art expresses class bias. Class struggle (or whatever phrase might better express the multi-dimensional class struggle we have in the

United States) is a constant fact in all society and is reflected in all art.

I can see the average American intellectual leaving the bus at this point. Aha, he says, Marxism, and splits. So long, schmuck. For the rest of you, don't think of it as Marxism, it's just Red River. End of skit.

Class struggle and what that means in art. The problem of a true reflection. One must learn to love the world, then transform it. Relate to it and change it. Eat the apple, then paint it. The sculpture comes from the bare marble. You must touch the marble. To become an intellectual revolutionary, you must quit being an intellectual. Repent, the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Increasingly accelerate the current of your intuition. You have nothing to lose but your chains.

There are two kinds of true vision. One, which is bourgeois-neurotic, is based on a combination of startling facts and wish-fulfillment. It grasps the existing myth and expresses it. As in most pop songs or in *Easy Rider*. The other, which is revolutionary-psychotic, not only senses what is but what could be, the future as the seed in the earth of the present, and expresses the present in such a way as to impel it toward its fruitful future.

Let that be your task.

Several contemporaries have expressed this revolutionary vision: Dylan, Stockhausen, William Burroughs, and Godard. These people tell the truth. They are clear. They say exactly what they mean. Many critics and interpreters do not think so. Because they make their living explaining Art to the middle-classes who don't have time to do their own experiencing, critic-interpreters wish to believe that, for instance, Dylan is not referring to raw experience but to some other set of symbols that are much simpler and much more palatable than what he says. Critic-interpreters also push the notion that Dylan and Godard make the surface they do in order to create some special obfuscation called Art.

This is a basic middle-class lie. You either see through it or you don't. A lot of people resist these visions. They particularly resist the work of Godard. The reason is quite simply because they are brain-washed cowards. Very well. We are all cowards. It's time we quit being so, or made our moves anyway. Leap. We won't do that of course simply because it's a neat idea. We will do it because history is pushing us off the edge. Good old history. Let's hear it for the dialectic. All art should impel to action. That is

one criterion of revolutionary art. Art cannot go against history, but it can clarify it, enrich it.

No, art is not a special field. I talk about it because I do it. If I worked with wood, I would be a carpenter. If I was, I would try to be as good at it as I could, and a bit better.

I use the word Art because I'm quite sick of the word Media which somehow gives us the impression that we have some right to be second rate, to be "merely" journalistic. What does that mean? News should reflect life. Therefore it is art. In practice it is usually limited to "news" formats. But whose fault is that? We don't have to be bound by that. All that holds us back is our own ignorance and cowardice. Leap. Let go the handles. Free falling quite often feels unpleasant at first, but no more so than standing, once you realize that as an action it's here to stay.

Struggle, organization and discipline have to be dealt with too. We've all put that part off while we were looking for groovy words to describe what they indicate. But our time is up. There are no groovy words for those things. Good luck.



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free kim

Kim Agnew, daughter of Vice President Spiro Agnew, made a surprise appearance February 12th in a demonstration against her father. Several hundred amazed demonstrators gathered across the street from the Conrad Hilton hotel cheered her on as she told them that she had run away to attend the protest and express her support of those opposing administration policies. Interestingly enough, the establishment media didn't mention her appearance at the demonstration.

Several months ago, Kim was arrested along with several classmates at a "pot party" at her exclusive Maryland school. Although her friends were expelled, no action was taken against her.

The Youth International Party applauds Miss Agnew's bold determination to free herself from the repressive slavery imposed upon her by her father and Amerikan culture. Right on, Kim!

Following the demonstration, several hundred people started a march to the Palmer House, where the Conspiracy jurors were living. They were attacked in the street by frantic minions of the law before they reached the hotel, and 23 people were arrested. James Coatsworth, a member of Youth Against War and Fascism, who had called for the march in a speech at the end of the demonstration, was badly beaten three different times after he was arrested. His injuries included a possible broken hand, a severely swollen eye, and lacerations of the mouth and eye.

Dick Yippie
& Yossarian

They just can't make movies about us. They fuck it up every time. Every flick about us is phony, hyped and stereotyped. "Easy Rider" was the best of the lot, but it sure wasn't about me or any of my friends. There must be something in our culture which resists bourgeois description. They can make millions by capitalizing on our music, dress, and ornaments, but when they have to understand something of our essence rather than our superficial characteristics, they're lost. Warner Bros. is co-producing a super-panavision three-screen eight-track stereo flick on Woodstock. Even though longhairs are editing it, do you think it'll be any good?

All this is prologue to a movie called "Prologue," made by the Canadian Film Board and featuring, among others, Abbie Hoffman and former CADRE member Gary Rader. It tells of the torments of a young Canadian underground newspaper editor and his old lady, who are trying to choose between political activism and hippie mysticism. It is unbelievably lame. Gary Rader, the hippie mystic stereotype, comes off as the dope-smoker's Gene Autrey. His old lady has no business being in front of the camera. The underground editor is better—because he keeps his mouth shut more—but he still is limited to one appropriate facial expression which comes across as slightly bored befuddlement.

The flick is saved from total ignominy by the scene with Abbie—an earlier, looser Abbie than the one we know from the trial—and by the Convention footage—good shots of Dick Gregory, pigs running amok, and arrestees rapping out of paddy wagon windows. But these scenes are only frosting on a stale, tasteless cake.

A bullshit film about bullshit people; I didn't believe them and you won't either—but your mother probably will. Fine. Let them think we're assholes and cretins. The way the country is going, we'd be in real trouble if they did understand us.

Armando

assholes and cretins

hide your children

Thousands of glassy-eyed Yippies tripped into the secret meeting room of the Second City Theater on February 9 to perform their pagan rites and abominable rituals.

Hidden from the prying eyes of decent, law-abiding citizens, the hordes of revolutionary dope-fiends cavorted far into the night. Adding to the frenzy were the primal, animalistic rhythms of a pair of "rock and roll" bands, the Up and Wilderness Road. Devotees of the strange Yippie cult were seen smoking Marijuana and ingesting noxious chemicals with wild abandon. Exotic odors from burning sticks of incense pervaded the room while the Yippies abandoned all decency and morality and frenziedly rolled and slavered on the floor. Tables piled high with Commie/dope-fiend/decadent/wierdo literature cluttered the entrance hall, and Goon Squads accosted newcomers and exacted a two-dollar initiation fee. Police agents, appalled by the lust and bestiality of the scene, reported that the money was to be used to finance further such debaucheries. All parents are urged to shield their children from these vicious perverts. More information may be had by calling the Seed at 929-0133.

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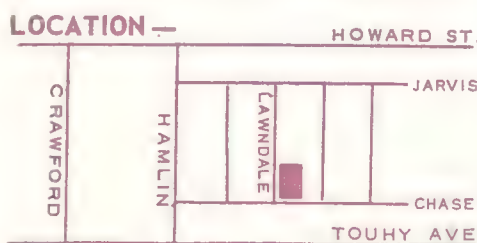


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Feedback

Dear Seed,

As a member of the Homeward Hair tribe, I was rather disturbed at the attitude Marshall Rosenthal took concerning the production of HAIR [in Vol. 4, No. 12]. Every man is entitled to his own opinion, and I think it only fair that you present to your readers the other view of HAIR.

I can only feel sympathy for Mr. Rosenthal's lack of emotion when describing his viewing of "Let The Sunshine In." Rosenthal implied that with such events as the Conspiracy trial, Hampton Inquest, etc., "Let The Sunshine In" was a ridiculous unrealistic song, a rich hippie happening, strictly geared to establishment commercialism. "Let the Sunshine In" is a plea; it is an intense plea, made perhaps even moreso every day by the fact that more injustices are being committed and greater incongruities are present in the world today. Yet the song states we are "facing a dying nation . . . of moving paper fantasies . . ." The song is a plea to life. At the end of the song, hopefully, as a cast member, even more hopefully, as an individual, I have reached out to one person at least, and have convinced them that they are alive.

The dancing onstage afterwards is not the "always leave them laughing" routine, as Mr. Rosenthal suggested. It is an "I am alive" dancing, an "always leave them living" if you want some alternative to Rosenthal's unbelievably cynical mind. If I can get the middle-aged establishment man to think about being alive, and come onstage to celebrate it, it is a satisfying performance.

At one performance a woman came up and said she had three draft-age sons, and after seeing HAIR she would not let them fight. If I can get one person to believe in peace a little more, if I can reach out and touch one person's mind so that I might get one less sneer when I walk down the street, it is worth it.

Your reporter talked to two or three cast members when he saw the 100th performance. Out of the "many" "professional" actors in the cast, as Rosenthal stated, there are only two who were professional before joining the cast. Rosenthal did not mention the benefit performances which the cast gave at Xmas at the Illinois State Schools for Boys and the School for Girls. Rosenthal did not mention the hoards of Seed salesmen who occupy the sidewalk in front of the Shubert Theater, cashing in on something they are against because it "cashes in on a life-style." Nor did he mention the fact that various Seed solicitors have been allowed to sit inside the lobby during the performance with their papers until the show is over so they can make a few more dollars afterwards.

My salary is irrelevant. I am a performer and am paid union fees. Mr. Rosenthal has no right to make personal judgments on the cast's sincerity or convictions, but exercising that right as he does, anyway, his comments must be viewed as merely that—personal judgments. If he saw HAIR, and even after "Let the Sunshine In," and talking with the few members of the cast that he did, if he sees the dancing onstage as the "always leave them laughing" bit, if all he can see HAIR as is a "hippie hellzapoppin for Tulsa tourists," I am sorry he is so hopelessly lost in his journalistic phrasing that he misses much of what the play has to say. There is just too much valid essential comment in the production for it to be viewed so lightly.

Peace,
Steven Michael Klatch

Dear Seed,

Just finished reading Vol. 4 No. 12 sitting in this restaurant rip-off hip burger joint & I got a lump in my throat the size of a two day shit—probably the most useless letter you'll ever read, but I thought you cats ought to know I think you're just fucking beautiful. Every time I pick up a Seed it's the same thing & the rest of the group are into you, too. Don't know what else to say—we're workin on same shit: disturbin' ways to shake this complacency/apathy thing that's smotherin' people's heads up here. Kinda tense building revolutionaries out of dead or security-freak people—even young cats. Seed is energy food to keep our heads goin.

Fuck Power; Build A Community,
Rene, Minister of Emotional
OutburstsHawkston Freedom Group,
Toronto & Kitchener, Canada
& DaveDaveJanJohnBarbie
EllenJimMikeCharleyJanice
StuJeanineLucy&the rest of
the Collective.

The people down here seem up-tight about the way in which the "May Day Festival 70" rock concert is shaping up.

Three profit-minded, middle-aged local businessmen are the promoters. Gates are \$14 for two days of music. The list of groups circulated is reportedly phony, with many top groups listed but only a few expected to show. (Maybe there will be some of those big name groups, whose names are not protected, appearing without the stars.)

The grounds are now enclosed by an eight-foot cyclone barbed-wire fence built to hold 150,000 spectators. There is also a fenced off area for camping. The entire area (spectator and camping) is 180 acres, vs. 600 acres for Woodstock. The road leading to the area—the only road—is private. It will be lined with ushers and state and local police, who will not allow anyone else on the road after 150,000 tickets are sold. The National Guard will be in the wings.

There is talk that buses will be used to transport participants from the town to the site. Nobody will get on without a concert ticket.

Many people down here don't want a festival, since state heat will be up-tight. "No visual display of narcotics is to be allowed." Word is going around that the festival will bring "undesirable elements" into a healthy community.

Local farmers are getting "nervous" about "their" property. The townspeople are worried about the crowds and possible riots. Be advised.

Karl

Discontinue my son's subscription to your "sick" paper. I will not have trash like this in my house. I don't care how many more he has coming. Stop the subscription as of now! NO MORE!

sincerely,
Mrs. T. McWilliams

Brothers and sisters—Peace,

Just some rap to let you know my husband and I have been digging your paper for a long time. My husband is in Korea (army), so I send him the Seed when I'm done reading it. It's the only thing that keeps him going besides letters from friends, me, and his guitar.

You've got a heavy, together paper with high goals—But they shall succeed! Power to the People!! It's great to sit down, roll a joint, put some heavies on the stereo, and fuse my with the Seed.

May it blossom forever!

Nyeln

P.S.. We are subscribers to Seed and I think it is really great of you to send it free to our guys in Viet Nam.



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Feedback

Dear Seed and everybody,

Hello and all. I made a surprising discovery at my local Px the other day and I think everyone should know about it. I am in the Navy, which is bad enough, but I became a medic and am now stationed with the Marines because they don't have any of their own. The Px here at Camp Pendleton has a list of records by various heavy artists that it is not allowed to carry or order by order of the Base Commanding Officer. This surprised me and also pissed me off, as it is just one more hassle added to all the bullshit we have to put up with already. I did my best to find out why and these are all the reasons I could get:

Sound Track From Hair--the language
Jefferson Airplane--no reason
Sgt. Pepper--dope references
Joan Baez--she is anti-war
Donovan--anti-war
Mother Earth--no reason
Wool--no reason
I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier--very anti-war

Blodwyn Pig--no reason, but maybe the name
Pacific Gas & Electric--no reason, but maybe the gun on the cover

Monster (Steppenwolf)--no reason, but definitely the lyrics

Phil Ochs--anti-war
The Great American Eagle Tragedy--no reason given
Grateful Dead--no reason given
Country Joe and the Fish--anti-war and dirty
Canned Heat--no reason, but either drugs or Sic 'Em

Pigs
Dylan--no reason given
Have A Maryanna--obvious
Ars Nova--no reason
I Stand Alone--no reason given, but probably Statue of Liberty cover

United States of America--no reason
Underground Blues--no reason given
Rolling Stones--anti-war, pro-revolution, dope references, and dirty words in their songs

I thought it would be cool if you could let the people know what kind of shit we have to put up with and the and the kind of people that are above us.

Up with the Conspiracy,
California

DOPE SCENE TIPOFFS! from 13

There's no reason to tell you how the fuck to do it because once you get it in -- even if you could get it in -- there's a lot more to it than just getting it in.

Seed: What are some hints for people dealing lids and pounds for a little side money or some stash? What should they do to avoid getting busted? Who shouldn't they deal to?

Stash: The Man.

They should just deal to friends. Don't deal to just anybody you know or who's been introduced to you just because he's got long hair or a beard or something. Find out where his head's at. Judge from there; use your own judgment after you rap to him and make sure that he gets high. Pick up your vibes off him as you rap to him.

Seed: There's been talk by political groups about taxing dealers. Where do you think that's at?

Stash: Which political groups?

Seed: The ...

Stash: I think it's ridiculous anyway.

Seed: The idea came from the thought that dealers are hip capitalists who rip off the culture and prey on its desire to get off and get together.

Stash: Well, there are all kinds of dealers. There are a lot of righteous ones, and there are a lot of cats who are very capitalistic about the whole thing.

I mean, you gotta know who you're doing business with. You don't just buy to buy. You shouldn't buy any from some cat who, well, you hate him but he's got the dope. It's readily available.

On the other hand, you've got some cats who are righteous and are meaning to serve a cause, and those people don't have to be taxed. The generosity they do and the ways that they do things with their dope and their money makes up for any kind of tax you could possibly want to levy.

There are lots of cats who give away lots of dope. For instance, I would never sell lids to friends. If they wanted a favor, it's my dope and who needs to sell anything like a lid to a friend? Dope should only be sold in large quantities at righteous prices. There are a lot of cats who are definitely outrageous about prices and who stick to them because they know the people will pay and they don't give a fuck about culture.

Seed: What do you think of what went on last week in a college town in the midwest? There was a demonstration, a number of people were busted, and the local dealers came together and created an instant bail

fund with close to \$3,000 in it. Is this kind of thing happening here, and, if it is, on what scale is it happening?

Stash: Well, there are things like that going on in San Francisco. In Chicago there's not that much of a close-knit thing, so people that are doing things that I know -- say three or four cats who are doing fairly big weight -- aren't close-knit at all. What you do find is people selling weed cent for cent and even less than cent for cent to get it around. Most of them are righteous with respect to copping with their competitors, but they're not righteous within themselves.

Dealers are a fucked-up breed, is what it comes down to.

Seed: Why do you deal?

Stash: Many reasons. One, truthfully, is the money. I need a few necessities in life, and the only way I'm going to get them is by going out and working and I'm not into doing that. Besides that, the criminal aspects of it are exciting and I get to do all my friends favors and supply dope to the Revolution -- I can give you a million fuckin' reasons besides the fact that I did it and it's a gas and because the heat owes me for some legal hassles awhile back.

Seed: What do you think will be the scene now that Judge Wendt has been kicked upstairs?

Stash: I hear that the new guy's real good, just like Wendt. I hope so, but I doubt it. Wendt was incredible. Man, he didn't wear a fuckin' black robe or nothing. It's not even like a judge was up there, it was like one of the bailiffs was screaming and yelling like a madman.

Wendt was groovy. Wendt was incredible. Not so much that he was incredible, but he was understanding of the problem and about what's going on. I think he's smoked weed or has friends who've smoked weed. You know, he was attacked a lot for being a liberal judge. There was a lot of controversy and shit about him, and the word was that Hanrahan or someone like that flipped every time Wendt put a narc in his place.

Then again, how else are they going to look at him. Like you say, they're super-honks.

Seed: What do you think is going to happen as far as legalization?

Stash: It's a toss-up. I think eventually it's going to have to be legalized, considering that as of now it's as bad as the era of Prohibition and as far as I can see it's just started to really pick up. Everybody's turning on now. It's incredible. You've got a lot of older straight people under 40 or 50 and all the younger people are starting to smoke weed at 8 or 10 now. Eventually -- within five years if current trends keep going -- I think that it'll happen.

I have to go now, I'm passing out.

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AACM Concerts of the month Sat 1 & 3pm at 3124 N Broadway. Donation is \$2

The Village School of Folk Music is holding its Spring Session of the Adult Evening Division beginning Mon, Mar 2. Classes will be held on Mon Tues & Thurs evenings at 631 Deerfield Rd, Deerfield. Call Lana Rae at 945-5321 for more info.

22nd Century Productions presents:
Mar 1, 7:30 at the Auditorium Theater:
Cold Blood & Renaissance
Mar 21, 7 & 10:30 pm at the Auditorium:
Iron Butterfly

THEATER

Second City Childrens Theater presents "The Land of the Stage" Sat & Sun 2:30 \$1 at 1616 N Wells Call 337-3992

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Slawomir Mrozek's play, POLICE, will open Saturday, February 28, at the Play House, 315 West North. Performances at 8:30 Friday and Saturday, 7:30 Sunday nights. Admission is \$3; \$2 for students with ID. 1/2 price preview Friday March 13. Call 751-9643 or 778-4240 for information or reservations.

Theater Workshops for the Modern Actor's Studio \$1.50 for each weekly session Call 549-1002 for more information.

The Synthetic Theater gives free(donation) performances the 1st & 3rd Sun of each month at 4pm Reservation please, call 332-5924 for info & reservations.

The Guy Falkes Theatre Co presents 5 one-act plays on Sun Mar 1 at 2:30 pm at the Uptown Hull House Center, 4520 N Beacon. Admission free.

Jane Addams Center of Hull House, 3212 N Bdwy presents St Out and the Parole Board each Fri & Sat in Mar at 8:30 pm.

New Theater Workshop offers a complete program of progressive theater education for children & teenagers 2360 N Lincoln Ave Call 281-0111 or 549-0594 for info.

As of Feb 1 the Free Theater presents revival performances of the rock cantata "David" Sun at 7&9 and Mon at 8&9 at the Lincoln Park Presbyterian Church 600 W Fullerton. FREE

Second City 1616 N Wells presents "The Next Generation" Tues thru Thurs 9pm; Fri 9 & 11; Sat 8:30, 11 & 1am; Sun 9. \$2.95-3.95 Improvisations are still only \$1 Call 337-3992 for information

Hull House Playwrights Center 222 W North Ave presents "Eddie in the Doorway" Fri & Sat thru Feb 21 at 8:30pm admission \$2, students & military \$1.50 Call 944-9679 evenings for reservations.

Goodman Theater professional theater Co presents Shakespeare's "The Tempest" Students can get in for 1/2 price if they hang around & wait for unsold tickets until 1/2 hour before curtain.

The Body Politic 2259 N Lincoln presents "The Master Thief and other Stories" Fri & Sat at 8:30 & 10:30; Tues & Weds at 8:30. And on Thurs they will present "Ovid Metamorphoses" at 8:30 Cost is Fri \$2.50; Sat \$3; Tues-Weds-Thurs-\$2, students & young people \$1. Call 92 9-0474 for more information.

Kingston Mines Theater Co 2356 N Lincoln will present the world premiere of "The Assault Upon Charles Sumner" by Robert Hivnor beginning Jan 9 for a planned run of 10 weeks. Fri & Sat 8:30; Sun 7:30 \$2 For info call 525-9893 Reservations are needed.

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Myopia Coffee House Weds, theater & poetry, movies; Fri-Sat all types of musical entertainment \$1.50 males, females \$1 Coffee, tea, cider, pastries served. 8pm, 8344 Niles Center Road

TUESDAYS discussions at The Door 3124 N Broadway. Also occasional poetry readings, chess, cards provided. Now open every night.

Cafe Pergolesi 3404 N Halsted, coffee-house, bridge, chess, local artists gallery, baroque music. Nightly 6-12 Sat & Sun til 1am No cover No minimum

Broken Wall Coffee House discussions speakers, special presentations 5203 N Kimbal Nightly 8-11 Fri & Sat 8:30-12 Closed Mondays

Earl of Old Town features live folk music nightly, 1615 N Wells, 9-4am

WEEKENDS Harper Theater Coffee House Revue of improvisation & satire by the New Old Fashioned Players every Fri & Sat nite 9-1am. Folk, bluegrass & balladeers are also featured.

The Oxymoron at the First Church of Lombard, Main & Maple features food drink, music, discussion & people Weds & Fri 8:30 to 11:30 Cost is 50 cents

ALI COFFEE HOUSE folksinging Fri & Sat nites, Weds Hootenany nit. Nightly from 7:30 Closed Mon; Weds cost 75 cents, Fri & Sat \$1. 4315 W 63rd Call 767-7154 for more info.

RAHAB's coffee house, 1649 N Wells coffee, cider, chocolate, music, discussion, poetry. Only 50 cents

9th Way Coffee House 116 S Michigan Rm 1108, 8pm Fridays

The Community Arts Foundation invites Chicagoans to "come and play" theater games every Sunday at 3 PM. Admission is \$2. Call 525-1052 for info or reservations.

The Blue Gargoyle at 5655 S University holds Hoot & Rap sessions every Wed & Thurs nite. Call 955-5826 for more info. Social Encounter: with sensory awareness & interpersonal relationship experiences every Weds 7:30-10pm at The Center, 140 N State St \$3.50 Call 641-5695

Stev & Nans coffee house 10708 W 71st St in LaGrange open every day from 9am featuring Nans famous spaghetti

SUNDAY sings at the Old Town School of Folk Music 909 W Armitage. Special guest featured weekly FREE call 525-7472 for more info.

FRIDAYS Central YMCA holds social dances 9 to midnite at Farwell Hall 19 S La Salle Open to the public Cost is 75cents

WEDNESDAY free lectures given at the Loop Scientology Center. Write for free tickets to Wm J Emas 2439 S Ridgeway Chicago Illinois 60623

The College of Complexes presents guest speakers every Sat night at 9pm cost is only \$1 The College is located at 105 W Grand Ave. Call MO 4-4440 for more information

The Adler Planetarium Sky Show is Closed for Jan and Feb due to remodeling of the Theater. Shows will start again March 2.

WEEKENDS Gejas Wine & Cheese Cafe features Tomas, flamenco guitarist on Fri & Sat nites 1248 N Wells 9:30 to 1:30 \$1 Cover charge.

An introduction to OASIS, Midwest Center for Human Potential, 1st Sun of each month, 2 pm; 3rd Thurs of each month, 7:30 pm at 20 E Harrison, \$2 -- students half price. Tapes from Esalen, sensory awareness & encounter experiences.

IT'S HERE 6455 N Sheridan, coffeehouse featuring folk singers & satirists, Fri-Sun doors open at 7:30 shows at 8 & 10:30 \$2.50 per person 75 cents min. Call SH3-9781 for more info.

Chicago Catholic Worker has regular Fri nite discussions at 1024 W Armitage, 2nd floor front at 8pm.

Saturday's Child Coffeehouse 212 Lincoln, Porter Ind (get off Ind. Toll Rd at Chesterton) Fri & Sat 8-12pm open stage Fridays continuous entertainment & food \$1.25

COMMUNITY

Evanston Free Univ is opening in Jan. they need people to teach. For catalogue or more info write or call Ron Freund 804 Washington St, Evanston, 328-8769 or Gigi at 869-9597

If you want to do something about all that shit floating around in the air contact Citizens Revolt Against Pollution (CRAP) at new number 463-0308

People Against Racism is working for the Conspiracy if you want to help call 243-2205 or 583-2992

SCLS(Operation Breadbasket) has a free breakfast program every morning Mon-Fri 7-10am at St Anna Church 55th & LaSalle Sts and also at Christ the King Lutheran Church 3700 Lake Park. If you want to help call Mrs Bell at 723-2226

ACLU needs office volunteers during the day. Call 236-5564 or stop in at 6 S Clark

FREE FEED at the Grace Lutheran Church 555 W Belden every Weds at 6pm

The Ranch Triangle is an organization fighting proposed plans for urban renewal in the Halsted/Armitage Community. The proposed plans DO NOT include plans for low & moderate rent housing. If you want to help call 248-3886.

Protest Rally -- protest air pollution at the Chicago Metropolitan Sanitary District, Mar 28. For more info call Mike 447-5562. Sponsored by the Suburban Committee on the prevention of air pollution.

STOP DEATH The Cryonics Society of Illinois (people against death) is trying to get it together Call Lucille at 468-0462 of John at 276-9166 for more info.

NEED HELP? Free medical & legal help, food, housing and warmth. It's a solid thing. Call 769-2727, or come to 1725 Wilson. Ask for the Looking Glass. Open 24 hours a day.

SPECIAL

AFGHAN HOUND LOVERS! Afghan Hound club of greater chicao presents a fun match. MARCH 14. MORaine-on-the-lake-hotel. HIGHLAND PARK; ILL. pups age 2 mo.-to non-pointed adults. Fee: \$1.50, males slightly less. Entries taken 'til noon. Judging starts at 1. Enter a pup or come to see some really beautiful animals. Freaks will really like this. We even have BLUE dogs. For more info, call: 945-8324, Patricia Wallis.

Another quasi-clandestine meeting of the Yippie! cult will take place at Lally's, just north of Chestnut on State, on Monday, March 9 at 8 PM. Among the revelers will be Wilderness Road, Bob Gibson, and countless thousands of noisy diversionaries. Registration fee--\$2. Oxygen will be served free of charge.

A Women's Liberation Teach-In will be held March 8th at 6 PM at the Business Building of Northwestern University in Evanston. Men and women are invited. Speakers will include Jody Parsons and Naomi Weisstein.

Workshops will be held on topics including: women in history, the anthropological and psychological roots of style, women in Cuba (with Pat McCauley, who recently worked with the Venceremos Brigade), and women in Viet Nam (with Vivian Rothstein).

Informal rap groups will also be held concerning: men's liberation, gay liberation, and anything else anybody wants to rap about. A child care center and literature table will also be provided.

Call 743-4736 for more information.

All through the riots of '72 we waited, itching to leave the city but somehow still attached. I mean, we knew. We knew as early as '67, but it was so science-fiction that we just kind of dreamed happily over it, making incredibly detailed lists, playing with the Ouija Board, studying astrology and making predictions in an offhandedly superior way. We got disillusioned in '68, and went on a lot of sidetrips, falling in love, losing it, moving, practicing all kinds of odd crafts, having babies. We knew what was happening by '69. We had our Whole Earth catalogs, and our stash of Acapulco and Panamanian pot seeds, and we were desperately raking in bread working, trying to get it together.

It was a communal trip at first, and gradually it got thinner, down to the family, and the family seemed to be a lot smaller than we'd thought. Government pamphlets, nightsoil, organic gardening, Diesel engines, music, meditation, and chauvinism mounted. We decided to leave in secret.

All the mediums, most of the astrologers, some of the psychics, and even some political economists agreed that we were eating the earth into Armageddon. So we still waited, planning, collecting. In '73 we got into our bus and split for Oregon. We drove all night and the better part of the day, slept just in time to hear on the car radio that Red China had started bombing somebody, but not us yet, thank God. We woke and drove again, through the night, and finally we got there, and fell out, exhausted. In the morning the baby started to cry.

We got up. Outside the curtained windows of our bus, through the trees and the virgin country, we saw seven teepees, three Volkswagen busses, two school



busses, one Renault Dauphine with a pup tent on top of it, a half-hewn cabin, two chemical toilets, several dogs, more cats, a fire somewhere off in the distance, and standing around us were ninety-seven people. They looked hungry. They all had long hair. Nobody was smiling.

We ate the ones over thirty first.

Later, the soldiers came.

What's wrong with this story?

Reprinted from Tuesday's Child/UPS

I think there's a lot wrong with this story and it is time to start working on a better ending. We need to learn about surviving, in the city and in the country, for there's hard times a comin'. Having a survival store in the neighborhood would be a good beginning. I'm sick of buying plastic foods in plastic containers. I'm sick of having to buy six tomatoes when I only want one. There are thousands of food products on the market today containing dangerous herbicides and pesticides. We don't have to eat these foods and we don't have to support stores where these foods are sold. A survival store could sell natural foods, organically grown, in any quantity desired. We could have books about building houses, gardening, simplified wiring, how to repair a VW. We could use the store as a place where people could sit together and talk together without feeling an obligation to buy something. I'd like to see a peoples' store happen in Chicago. If you're interested in working with me on setting up a cooperative food and bookstore call me at the Seed. We can get together and talk about how the store should be set up and what kinds of things you would like to see made available through the store.

Kay

feed forward

To Every Spirit Nearby,

Tired . . . a bit tired. Feeling cramped. Needing space. Space for mind and soul and body to stretch out. Recurring need felt each winter and spring.

Many contradictions to deal with. Difficult to capitalize the "p" in People. Who are The People? How to identify with Masses when we have so many problems identifying . . . kindly . . . with each other. How to have Time to meditate on cosmic-being questions when so much time occupied with group meetings, rallies, fleeing hate bullets and Arresting cops? Even gatherings meant to quietly share food are spent in "media-fix," newspapers held before faces like suburban movie breakfast table. You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant, yet Alice herself is left lonely on the churchsteps. Me, too.

Guns. I won't become a pig. I must fight against all social pressures to become the person we warn against. I do not want to perform anti-evolutionary acts, even at the price of being called counter-revolutionary. I will not eat the flesh of another animal, how can I think of rending the flesh of another human?

We huddle together in communes. Pasty-faced and fearful. Not seeing the stars. Or the sunset. Intoxicated, not by life as envisioned by Blake and Baudelaire and Henry Miller, but by the same scotch/beer/pot as the trembling blue-collars. Though more aware and sensitive than those brothers and sisters, being here and not there, we share and act out the same fears and anxieties.

I am tired and frustrated after having written and spoken these same words hundreds of times in the past year.

I was a Ph.D. drop-out from the business school and woke up a month ago finding myself doing the Seed's accounting.

Accounting is accounting. I neither want to buy nor sell. Or deal with money or financial controls. I don't want to control anything. Or anybody. I don't want to re-enact history's nightmares.

Contradictions, and more contradictions. The Un-conspiracy in jail, John Sinclair "serving" 10 years for smoking dope. I'm pulled off the street at 4 o'clock in the morning and charged with disorderly conduct—"being in the company of persons charged with possession of marijuana." "I'm only doing my thing, Marsh," the Arresting cop told me.

Air unfit to breathe, food unfit to eat, unbearable noise and crowding, movement arrested. And knowing, for myself, that I cannot deal with these crimes until, perhaps, I deal with my (I am you, you are me) crimes. My fears. My loneliness.

So, a short trip to the Pacific Ocean. The pacific water. For space and rebirth.

And knowing, too, that once all is known, all that remains remains mystery.

Be in peace,

Marshall

← 15

coats ready, we're going out. Oh blow a fucking hole in the wall right here, please."

The man next to me says, "Number 3, we should all start tearing up the courts. They're all railroad jobs and damn it, tearing up really gets results. We should all do what you did."

A chorus of "Right on" comes from both sides of the voice chain.

Slowly, the tension ebbs. The radios go back on. Guards reappear, greeted with comments from the cells:

"Let me see how many guards come in here with a black eye."

"Tight ass motherfuckers."

"You was lucky they didn't kick the shit out of you."

Over the radio, we listen to the sheriff of Cook County, Joseph Woods, the man who promised in 1968 to organize a vigilante posse for use against demonstrators coming to the Democratic Convention.

Woods tells the reporter he had enough firepower and manpower to keep the lid on. He boasts of keeping the crowd out of the tiers and preventing the Conspiracy from seeing their supporters.

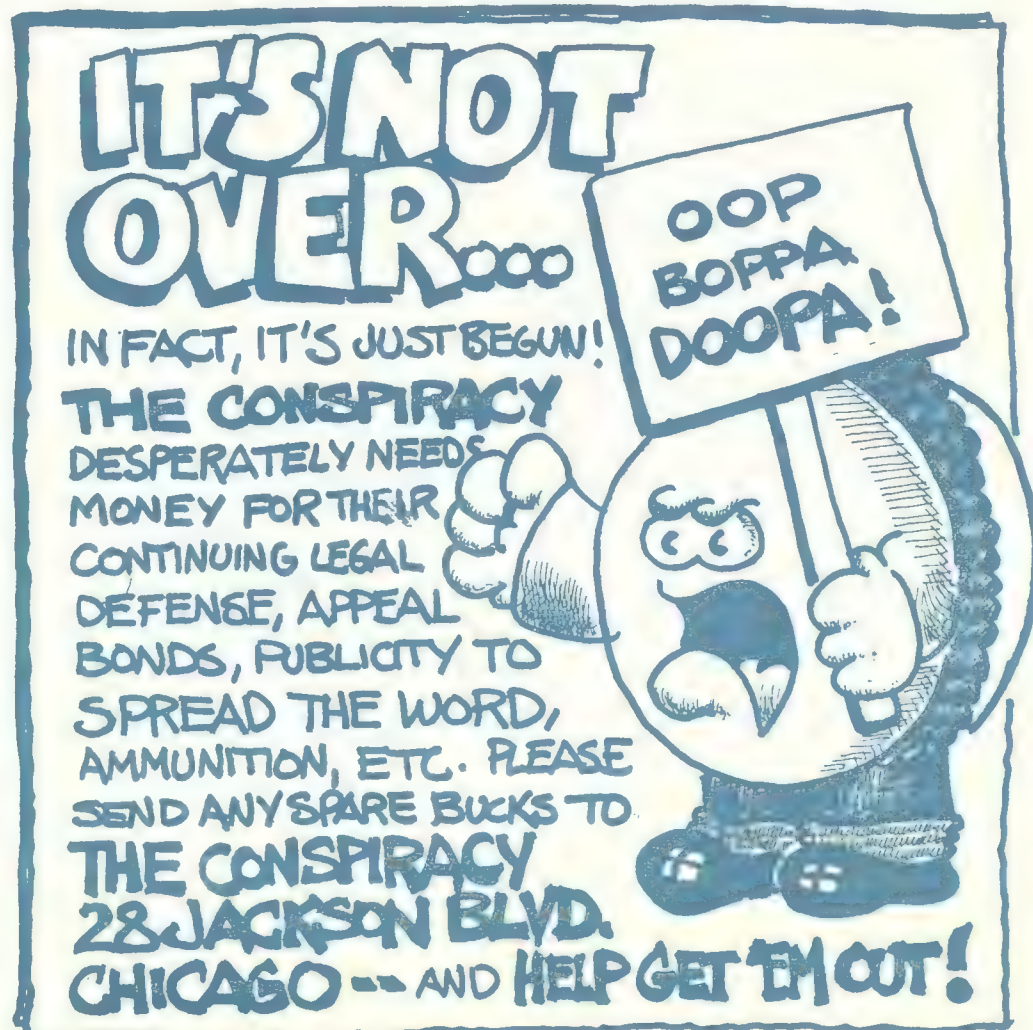
The Blackstone Ranger next to me listens and says, "that motherfucker is scared."

A black guard pushes his face into the bars that hold the Stone:

"Let me tell you something, motherfucker. Negroes such as you are never going to run this country, hear?"

The Stone laughs: "You scared too, ain't you? You scared of that Conspiracy girl out there on that horn, cause she's telling the truth. We're coming out of here. We definitely coming out of here. And if we don't run the country, the country won't run. Period."

I send along these notes as another reminder that somewhere, sometime, jailhouses have to be taken on. Most of the victims of this jail are black, rounded up by police and wasting in cages because they can't make bail. For them, every afternoon on G-4 ends as Conspiracy day ended. The cell door breaks open at 5:30 p.m. and the guards grant an 8-yard walk to pick up a plateful of garbage. Here on G-4, freedom comes in a stroll for a quarter pound pile of cooked starch, except for an occasional beautiful moment when the people outside remember and gather to help generate a spirit of resistance to those who say, "Fuck you, Moe. We're coming out!"



HAIR-O-THON! A continuous sacrificing of a treasured possession in the name of the Conspiracy 8. Give what you can to

Yippie! Barber Dick O'Brien at the Conspiracy office, 4th floor, 28 East Jackson Blvd. Call 427-7773 for further info. Support our boys in jail. Give hair today!

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SEEK & YE SHALL FIND

Lead guitar, vocals, bongoes, scope widening. Blues inclined, can play any style. Own eqpt. Call (317) 529-1687, Mike.

Lead singer wanted for contemporary jazz-rock 9-pc. group. Freak preferred, with some formal training in music. No ego-trippers. Audition. Steady work and great recording opportunities. Call Fred at OR-6-3150.

Guitar Lessons: Folk, country, blues. Fee will be discussed. Denny Ankrum-348-6842.

Dirty Blue needs bass player with own eqpt. Call 832-0061.

Guitarist, lead, rhythm, harp. I am really tired of wasting my time with people who aren't serious about their music. If you feel the same way, call me. 827-7416, at about 6:00 p.m. Freaks only, please.

Rock Band looking for cheap place to live and work. Anywhere on the North Side ok. Call Mike 935-9020 before 5 p.m.

Organist wanted for heavy rock group. 929-1288.

Old National electric steel guitar in good shape. \$75 or best offer. FI-3-2835. Bill.

CREATIVE PEOPLE: Craft shop opening on Lincoln Ave. will provide a show case for what you're doing. If you want to do your thing and make some money at the same time, we can help you. We're interested in candles, jewelry, leather, clothes, paintings, sculpture, and photos. Call Mike 664-1960, or Rich 472-7597.

Changes at the Storefront Bookstore. We want to sell out (half price or less) things that have been around too long, and have ceased meaning. Come in and rap about what you want in a bookstore. We'll be stocking new books as cash permits. Let us know what you want. 2478 N. Lincoln.

Randy in Evanston whose Corvair is now smashed, write to Donna 1243 W. Rosemont.

Larry from the Door: Please call Edith's sister Chris. 227-5854.

Urgent: BON MILLINGER, need info on whereabouts of CRAIG CHAMBERLAIN. Mother is ill. Call Buffy 799-6568.

Mary Lynda Brown please call Wally at 736-8878.

Jane Ferguson, Call Bob or Connie, need new godmother it's OK. You can stay with us. 526-7507.

David- Congratulations on your day- and life goes on. Jane DaDaDa DaDit

North Siders: Watch out for jagoff Steve Dulin. He's a burn artist that will take your last penny. a victim.

Want to be partners in a folk-coffee house mixed partnership, male and female (as equals) desired- strictly business- min. capital estimated \$200. for details call Jake 226-5630.

LAUREL LAMBERT or anyone knowing her, please call 374-8126, evenings.

HUNGER IS NOT GROOVY Feed The Children Committee needs to get together with interested North Shore bodies to collect canned goods for ghetto food programs. Call Dick or Corlin after 7:00 p.m. at HI-6-6206.

DYLAN LP'S WANTED Want Troubled Troubador (\$15) and GWW John Birch Society Blues (\$10). Will pay \$5 just for info about contents of Troubled Troubador. In all cases, write first. Steve, Apt. 3G, 211 Central Park West, NY, NY. 10024.

Wanted: Together individuals and couples interested in being part of a wilderness survival project and/or founding of a new culture in remote territory. You must be healthy, of a child-bearing age, able to learn or already know speciality on behalf of group: carpentry, sewing, medicine, metallurgy, agriculture, forestry, electronics, etc. Each to contribute \$1,000 prior to departure (Spring, 1971) for purchase of land and equipment. Extensive planning during this year. Write: C. Edelman, 3352 N. Halsted, Chicago 60657.

No pay 5 yr project (min) build a puppet theater from scratch! Call 549-4634

Pregnant, need help? Berkeley, Cal. 415-848-6036, Bob Matson LA, Cal. 213-454-0078, Jon Fielder Houston, Tex. 713-523-5354, Lindsay Peterson. Illinois 217-525-8879.

POEMS OF THE PEOPLE

Poems of the People, a new monthly publication, will be out soon. The new poetry outlet is "an attempt to get the poets and the people together." Poems of the People will function as a poetry distribution service for underground papers, but individuals can subscribe, too. The cost is \$5 a year. Poems of the People also wants poems, stories, "any good writing." Send your work, with a stamped return envelope, if you wish, to Poems of the People, Box 521, Quincy, Ill., 62301. The first issue is planned for April.

OKAY. THE SEED IS STARTING A NEW CLASSIFIED PAGE. ALL ADS WILL BE FREE, BUT ALL ADS MAY NOT BE RUN BECAUSE OF AVAILABLE SPACE. WE'VE TRIED TO ELIMINATE ANYTHING WE FEEL WILL OR HAS RESULTED IN A RIP-OFF: LEGAL TURN-ONS, MODEL ADS, A DATING SERVICE, AND JUST GENERALLY QUESTIONABLE STUFF. WE STILL CANNOT VOUCH FOR THE SINCERITY OR LEGITIMACY, AND IF YOU STILL GET BURNED OR RIPPED-OFF, LET US KNOW PLEASE! ADS WILL ONLY BE ACCEPTED IN PERSON OR BY MAIL - NOT ON THE PHONE. IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS, PLEASE CALL SUE AT THE SEED. YOU SHOULD INCLUDE AN ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER WITH YOUR REQUEST FOR PLACEMENT OF AN AD. THIS WILL BE WITHHELD FOR THE ASKING.

NOW AVAILABLE FROM THE WHITE PANTHER PARTY MINISTRY OF INFORMATION: White Panther buttons-25 cents apiece, or 10 cents for 25 or more. Posters-75 cents apiece

John Sinclair Up MC5 assorted Grande Ballroom posters Sample copies of newspapers-25 cents apiece

Argus (Ann Arbor) Fifth Estate (Detroit) Rising Up Angry (Chicago) White Panther flags-\$2.00 Payment can be made in stamps, money

order, cash, checks, whatever-make them payable to the White Panther Party 1520 Hill Street Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104

I need a ride to Toronto for July Festival. Anyhow-anyway. Mike 889-8706.

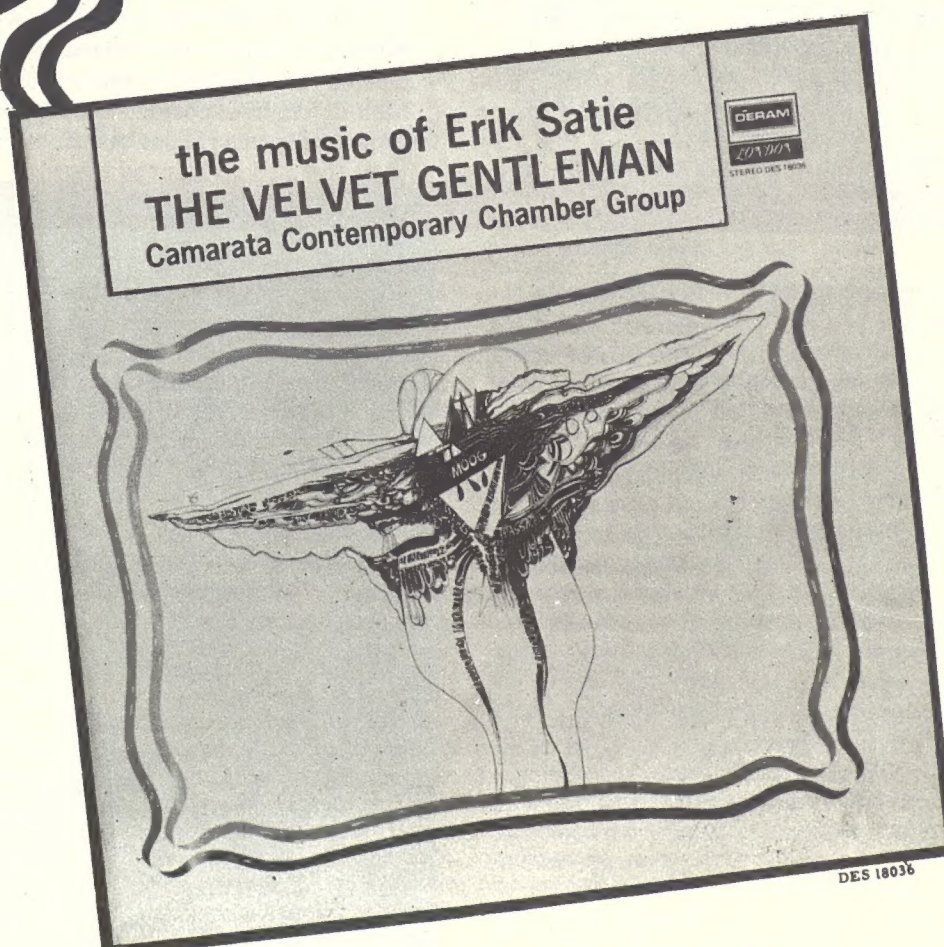
25-year old Seal 16x20 Dri-mount press that works good. \$20. Call Aramando at the Seed.

Illustrators needed for children's books. Payment in royalties. Box 25, Seed.

35MM photographer needs project or steady job. call ed 788-2645.

Driving my panel to LA around March 1. Need 1 or 2 passengers to split gas. Write Alan % Seed.

There have always
been leaders...people
ahead of their times*
....they took time to
get caught up with
....There was Satie
....He left in 1925
....NOW is his time



re: * Bud Powell, Charlie Parker,
Ornette Coleman, Arban Berg,
John Cage, Edgar Varese

Between 150-200 Kenwood students sat in in support of the Black Students Union at Kenwood on Thursday, February 19.

The students started massing in front of the principal's office at the end of the 3rd period, and called for the principal to speak to the group. The principal refused, saying she would talk to a couple of students at a time; the demonstrators refused right back, saying they were through allowing her to split them up. Police started to gather.

Someone from the administration then announced that if the demonstrators did not disperse, that all participants under 16 would be suspended pending an appearance by their parents at school, 16-year-olds would be transferred, and 17-year-olds would be expelled. They were told that their parents were being called immediately, to which the students replied lustily, "Right on!"

One of the demonstrators started speaking to the group and was grabbed by police, who started choking him, and who were in turn grabbed by demonstrators trying to pull them off their brother.

There were 25 arrests; charges against all were dropped, except for those against one girl who was said to have broken a window. She was pushed through it by guess who.

The BSU and supporters are in the process of planning additional actions around their demands, which include the creation of a black studies center, a student-faculty board, and an end to the searching of students' lockers and confiscation of materials without their knowledge.

The BSU first acted on these demands and on the threatened transfer of a BSU member on January 12, sitting in until the administration assured them that they were in sympathy with their demands. But besides withdrawing the transfer, the administration did nothing.

The "Movement" is a growing legion of radicals and other deviates at Addison Trail, Fenton, Driscoll, York, and Willowbrook who are responsible for a coffee-house, a guerilla theater group and a half dozen papers.

Other Action Schools these days are Niles East and North. Seventy students picketed Niles North February 16 calling for due process of law for high school students in response to the arbitrary suspension of a student there. And all kinds of things have been happening in relation to what goes on in the classrooms. A short while ago, a group of Niles East teachers asked the board of education to approve the adoption of the "Apex" program for that school. Used now in schools in Flint, Michigan, the program allows the student to choose his own course of study. The board refused.

Monday the 23rd, 150 people picketed Niles East against that decision, the harassment of teachers, and in a call for student rights. (Now it gets good.) That evening there was a board meeting during which the board announced that it was not rehiring Nancy Tripp, a first-year teacher of English, and who is one of us. This prompted many comments.

The next night the elongated board meeting continued, and while they approved a watered-down version of the Apex program, the board announced that they were tentatively recommending the non-renewal of the



HIGH SCHOOL

contracts of two tenured teachers, John Palm and Judy Tildes. The board members then did a quick waltz out of the hall...scratch three radical teachers.

Discussion then went on into the night there and and all the next day at East's student lounge as to what the response should be to this, and a boycott of classes for Friday, February 27, was decided on. (Now for a quick change of tense -- the 27th was one day after this issue was sent to the printer, which minimizes chances of your finding out what happened about the boycott until the next issue...but you will find out all about it in the next exciting issue.)

Eight people from Niles schools went to court February 25 for charges unrelated to all of the above. All eight stood trial on disorderly conduct charges and two on criminal trespass charges for a sit-in at a Jewel food store last December 20 in support of the grape boycott. All were given a year's probation.

The American Civil Liberties Union has filed suit on behalf of James Charles of Cary Grove Community High School in Gary, Illinois. He was denied entrance to the school until he conformed to the dress code, which airily decrees that "beard cuts" and such will absolutely not be tolerated. The code states "that hair should be tapered at the sides and back, and that half of the forehead should be exposed." Despite the fact that the dress code says nothing about beards, he was not admitted until he trimmed his hair and shaved.

Each time James was told to cut his hair he would, and every time he did he would be told in a couple of days to do it again. He has been out of school since January 26, when he was suspended and told that he would receive a reduction in his grade in every class he missed for failure to conform.

Judge James B. Parsons of the U.S. District court, who decided several months ago that Barrington Consolidated High had no right to deny David Miller an alleged education because of his dress, has been assigned the case. Another case, involving Michael Hage, is awaiting a hearing.

All the copies of the Evanstonian, the official organ of Evanston High School, were confiscated by the administration because of an obscene story entitled, "How Does ETHS React to Interracial Dating?" The story contained such decadent things as questions asking the interviewed students if they would go to bed with people of their race or people of other races.

In other scenes on the obscenity front, copies of the Seed were confiscated at Alvernia and Gordon Tech on the grounds of their (our) obscenity -- the criminal at Gordon was suspended for a day.

Palatine High took two giant steps to "stop vandalism" by installing a two-way mirror in the boys' john. The mirror was put in the wall between the john and the janitors' storage room. A girl at Mt. Assisi got in trouble (of an undetermined nature) for wearing a White Panther button. The dress code at Quigley South was dropped shortly after the appearance of the second issue of *Shape of Things to Come*.

Other papers we've come across are Spud Tater at Batavia, Field at Ridgewood, New, Improved Tide at John Marshall, Paper Sun at Notre Dame, and Steinmetz Stud at the school of the same name. In its first issue, the Stud called for the federal funds which are used to finance a ROTC there to be used instead to finance a student defense squad. The squad would be to "protect the student and the community from disruptive maniac organizations like the Chicago Police Department and big business."

If you're doing an underground paper, join CHIPS, the Cooperative High School Independent Press Syndicate, 512 North Brainard Street, Naperville, Ill. 60540; come down to the Seed to peruse all the high school papers we have, underground papers from the four corners of the world, and the Liberation News Service packets.

The Liberation School, weekly meeting of high school activists, got some great publicity recently in none other than the Chicago Tribune. The article told how students "bring their underground newspapers and their problems to 'professional dissenters' for advice," how we "learn dissent by osmosis," how "the windows are piled high with copies of 'The Seed,' which keep out the sun and the unwanted prying eyes of the Straights," about the mysterious "Seed editor known only as Bill," and lots of other nifty scoops. Thank you, Chicago Tribune.

Yossarian
High School Radical Union

women take over rat

The following statement appears in the current issue of Rat, the New York City underground paper which freaked Daley out with its Convention issue and which had two of its staff members (both women) indicted for the anti-imperialist bombings of several international corporations (see Seed, Volume 4, number 9). It marks a new phase in the development of the underground press; the appearance of a newspaper centered around the issue of male supremacy.

One of the ousted men referred to in the rap is a former Seed staff artist who returned to Chicago while we were composing this issue. We hope to present his view of the takeover in the near future.

RAT is supposed to be a paper about revolution. Our revolution. The revolution that will tear apart the guts of the gloating Amerikan dinosaur in which we live, that is tearing it apart today. The revolution that is building out of our hating, fearful, grasping white souls a consciousness shaped of courage, joy, and respect and love for each other in the community of struggle.

Last Saturday, January 24th, the RAT office was yielded to an all-women's collective. The women who have been on the staff for at least the last couple of weeks joined in working a 16-hour day, 8-day week to plan, write, edit, illustrate, typeset, layout, and photograph this issue in the short space of time we had before the printing deadline. We were joined by more than a dozen other unaffiliated women and sisters from WITCH, Redstockings, the Gay Liberation Front, LNS and Weatherman, who shared in the totally collective spirit and energy that has gone into the issue.

The takeover had to happen. It was long overdue. The blatant sexism of RAT in the past is only part of what made it necessary.

Going beyond even the enormous tangled problem of sexism both on the staff of the paper and the content of the products, is the issue of good politics in its totality. More than ever in the last couple of months, RAT has given the impression that we regard politics as that thing the Black Panthers and the

Young Lords are into. White youth, and non-Panthers/Lords (one would think after reading through recent back RATs) just lie back and groove on pornography, dope, rock, movies. RAT has been moving no one to action, has failed to even suggest directions for action. It labors along with humorous pretensions, which most of us can't even find funny anymore (particularly those of us who bear the brunt of the jokes) about the cultural revolution. Can we still be under the delusion that the cultural revolution, in this time of heavy repression, of mounting police power and courtroom insanity, is going to pull down the state with its dope and music and its so-called liberated sex? Is it true, as Huey said, that an unarmed people is subject to slavery at any given moment? How much longer can we avoid dealing with this and call ourselves revolutionaries?

This is not to say that our culture isn't an integral part of the way we fight the system. But the culture has got to be revolutionary as surely as the revolution has got to be cultural. When a woman can walk into the RAT office and say to the editor that she'd like to write for the paper, only to be told "We've got enough female writers, what we need is a secretary to answer the mail and take the phone calls"; when two or three men out of a staff of ten or twelve people can slap together an issue at the last minute in total disregard for any political opinions the rest of the staff might have; when we who work at the paper have no notion of what each other's politics might be--then the paper is about to die of its own diseases. We RAT women want to create a revolutionary rebirth out of that death.

The question of whether men and women can function together as a revolutionary unit on this paper is not settled yet. If we can throw out our absurd hierarchy of Editor, Assistant Editor, etc. etc. down to the minute irrelevant divisions of labor that are dragging on both the men and the women here--we will have made a strong start in the right direction. We sisters will also have to exercise careful control over the content--and the graphics, headlines, covers, advertising--and help each other to make our power felt. We will need help in making this paper truly collective, truly revolutionary and we urge all our sisters to keep the energy flowing in the office.

Death to the bureaucrats, death to the sexists, death to those who care more about their egos than they do about change. ALL POWER TO THE REVOLUTION!
The RAT women.

KUSTOM KARS

Armando

Headers by Doug, candy-apple paint, mag wheels, triple carbs, fuel injection, Chrysler 426 Hemis, all that stuff is out of the past, right?

The culture of the 50's and early 60's included custom cars, along with surfing, ducktails and flattops drive-ins, drag races, all that farout and long gone stuff. Now that everyone is a hippie, we've all said goodbye to that long ago. Car culture, along with beatniks, folk music, teen-age gangs, civil rights, all that stuff is roots, and just as all the rest of those things still exist in some smaller form, so do custom cars.

So we trucked on down to the Chicago Custom Car Show at Navy Pier last week to check out the living past. Only, it wasn't.

Custom Cars are still the same kind of trip they were when Tom Wolfe was writing about them and they were the farthest outposts of the youth culture. A classy paint job has always been the most important thing, but lotsa chrome, tinted glass (though it's fading), swooping exhausts and the Drag Look still weigh heavily. The Drag Look is always a winner—enormous, deflated slicks on the rear, Pirelli motorcycle tires on the front, 9-inch steering wheels, 411 posi rear ends. But we lean to look a little closer and—Damn! Hippie has gotten into this trip too! Painted flames and pin-stripes are in history's scrap-heap: everybody's got swooping swirling day-glo psychedelic paint jobs. It's hippie all right, but it isn't exactly right off of Ken Kesey's bus either—the hippie homemade look was sanitized and pre-fabbed out of existence by the contingencies of mass production and plastic extrusion long before it filtered down to this here. Every car is encased in clear lacquer, like a prehistoric bug in amber, at least an eighth of an inch of clear hard between you and the car.

Under these moulded plastic display cases are incredibly precise swirls and patterns, complex heiroglyphs and helixes of orange, green and purple; brilliant red and pastel blue. Some of the more advanced surfaces are bona-fide do-not-touch acid visions. The peo-



ple, especially the people who are responsible for the cars, bring out the wierd cultural blend even more strongly.

Beards and long hair are cool now, but beards are much cooler. The Marlon Brando look still predominates, but the hair is several degrees bushier. But, what is it, it doesn't look right at all . . . for one thing, they all stand like in the early 60's . . . arms folded across their chests, or thumbs hooked in pockets, one knee bent and the other locked. The whole way they carry themselves is stiff and unfamiliar to us. No one sprawls, no one trucks when they walk, the girls never do anything but sit or stand around. The trappings are hippie, but the psychology is still the sullen, rebellious, cool guy and his know-nothing chick.

But, something else is missing, too . . . Three stone freaks with Yippee! buttons are able to nose around, talking and snapping photos, without getting so much as an actively hostile look. The sense of rebellion, the rebel without a cause, is no more among these people. Hippies borrowed some tricks from this and earlier cultures of rebellion and then put it together and out-rebelled them all, with the exception of blacks. Beaten

at their own rebellion game by the hippie's culture, which is inherently at odds with their culture on several fronts, the Custom Car folks had no choice but to acquiesce. So peace symbols now hang next to swastikas and "13's"—which, if you remember, meant the 13th letter of the alphabet, or "M" for Marijuana, long before "P" for Pot and then "D" for Dope and then everybody was smoking it and it didn't mean jackshit anymore. Years ago, they had their own music too, surfing music and hotrod music, the stuff the Beach Boys did—

"My Stingray is fast, slicks are startin to spin
but the 413 is really diggin in
Lookin for traction I'm a-ridin the clutche
but the pressure plate's burnin and the
heat's too much . . ."
(—"Shut Down," 1963)




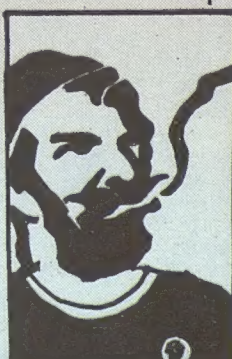
But then even the music got sucked into the great multimilliondollar hippie music vortex. A few elements survived, most were discarded, and their music disappeared. There was a time when "Little Deuce Coupe" headed the Top 40. Now they have to settle for Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels (whose live performances were the star attraction of the show—once, the cars would have been enough), a hippie group that obviously must have something to do with cars but no one can say exactly what.

Like every other subculture that has been conquered by Hippie, the Custom Car people, in cultural defeat, adopt the ornaments but sullenly retain their old psychology. Thus a psychedelically-swirled show car sports a "love it or leave it" bumper sticker and muted antagonism greets the black guy who won a trophy, and by god, he better not try to kiss the mini-skirted trophy girl like the white guys do. Cynical looking hippies (of course, you can't really tell if they're hippies or not anymore) sell instant photo buttons, leather doohickies, handwriting analysis, and day-glo bumper stickers to the Custom Car folk, who are apparently absolute suckers for this stuff. As far as the Custom Car people can tell the hippies run nearly everything now—TV, radio, newspapers, the clothing and record industries, and the myriad other things which add up to saleable culture in this country. The youth market means the hippie market. Everytime you beat up a hippie nowadays, he either fights back or ten more come walking down the street. There's no contest anymore.

Kustom Kars, after a brief blowout in the early 60's, have returned to the obscurity that they came out of, totally defeated in terms of cultural dominance but perhaps more secure in that they retained the force of their form and essence while hippie has become so diluted that it is no more than the trinket-style of the moment to many of its adherents.



OUTLAWS OF AMERIKA

<p>SOCIAL DEVIANT KOPPS JOHN SINCLAIR</p> <p>In custody Marquette State Prison, Michigan. Serving 9-10 years for dispensing two marijuana cigarettes to undercover agents.</p> <p>As Chairman of the White Panther Party, Sinclair contributed to the delinquency of minors by encouraging "dope, rock and roll, and 'bleeping' in the streets." Managed MC-5 rock and roll band. Founded Trans-Love Energies, Artists' Workshop. Previous drug arrests. Considered mentally unstable.</p>  <p>American Outlaw Trading Cards</p>	<p>THIRD WORLD REVOLUTIONARY KOPPS HUEY NEWTON</p> <p>In custody California State Prison System. Serving 2-15 years for manslaughter involving the death of an Oakland, California police officer, 10/28/67.</p> <p>As national Minister of Defense of the Black Panther Party, Newton is the chief theoretician of the militant group. Members of the Black Panthers have taken Newton as a symbol of political repression, and organize around the saying "Free Huey or the Sky's the Limit!" Newton is considered extremely dangerous despite his incarceration.</p>  <p>American Outlaw Trading Cards</p>	<p>THIRD WORLD REVOLUTIONARY KOPPS CHA CHA JIMENEZ</p> <p>Chairman of the Young Lords Organization, Jimenez has been arrested on numerous occasions by members of the Chicago Police Department.</p> <p>The Young Lords Organization declares itself part of a Rainbow Coalition of the Black Panthers, Lords and Young Patriots. All three believe that the US government is the enemy of its people and of the oppressed people of the world.</p> <p>The Young Lords are strongest in Chicago and New York, where they have seized churches in an attempt to secure a political base. They insist on control of police power in areas of Puerto Rican concentration, and play an active role in poor people's coalitions, demanding new housing administered by poor people and the immediate rehabilitation of slum housing.</p>  <p>American Outlaw Trading Cards</p>
<p>THIRD WORLD REVOLUTIONARIES KOPPS LOS SIETE DE LA RAZA</p> <p>Nelson Rodriguez, Mario Martinez, Tony Martinez, Jose Rios, Danilo "Bebe" Melendez and Gary "Pinky" Lescaillet are being held in San Francisco, California on charges of murdering a police officer on May 1, 1968. The penalty for this act is death in the gas chamber. A seventh accused, Gio Lopez, is at large.</p> <p>The seven men charged with murder were radical organizers at the College of San Mateo and in the Mission District of San Francisco. Their Los Siete organization tied medical, legal and nutritional programs in the Mexican area of the city to the issue of community control of police.</p>  <p>American Outlaw Trading Cards</p>	<p>SOCIAL DEVIANT KOPPS SAM MELVILLE</p> <p>Currently being held without bail in the Federal House of Detention on West Street, New York City, Melville and three others are charged with a series of bombings from August-November 1968. Among the buildings damaged in a self-proclaimed crusade against "U.S. Imperialism" were the Manhattan District Selective Service Induction Center and the Manhattan Criminal Courts Building, as well as the offices of General Motors, The United Fruit Company, the Marine-Midland Trust Company, and the Radio Corporation of America.</p> <p>Melville is considered so dangerous that the authorities concerned felt it necessary to rescind bail when the accused could not prove close ties to the person or persons who posted first \$50,000 and then \$100,000 bail in his behalf.</p>  <p>American Outlaw Trading Cards</p>	<p>THIRD WORLD REVOLUTIONARIES KOPPS THE CLEAVERS</p> <p>A convicted felon, Eldridge Cleaver was charged with conspiracy to commit murder after a gun battle with Oakland police in April of 1968. He disappeared when his bond was revoked, claiming that returning to prison would mean his death as well as a victory for the government policy of repression against the black liberation struggle. Kathleen Cleaver is Communications Secretary of the Black Panther Party. Maceo Cleaver is their child.</p> <p>As Minister of Information of the Black Panther Party and Communications Secretary, respectively, Eldridge and Kathleen had a hand in formulating many of the Party's positions. Eldridge helped get the word to the people through his books and as an editor for the radical magazine Ramparts. Kathleen has been instrumental in equalizing the role of women in the Party and in the revolution. Both are skilled in the use of firearms. Maceo is learning.</p>  <p>American Outlaw Trading Cards</p>
<p>SOCIAL DEVIANTS KOPPS THE BERRIGAN BROS.</p> <p>Daniel and Phillip Berrigan, both Roman Catholic priests, are presently in Federal prison for willful destruction of Selective Service records.</p> <p>Both were among the earliest and most vociferous members of the anti-war, anti-draft movement and have participated extensively in militant actions against draft boards around the country. Among their actions were a public burning of draft-board records and the pouring of gallons of duck's blood over SS files in a Baltimore-area induction center.</p>  <p>American Outlaw Trading Cards</p>	<p>THIRD WORLD REVOLUTIONARY KOPPS ERIKA HUGGINS</p> <p>Huggins was indicted with seven other members of the Black Panther Party on May 22, 1969 for "conspiracy to commit murder and/or murder" in the slaying of Alex Rackley.</p> <p>The Black Panther Party's official position is that the police murdered Rackley and then secured confessions under duress from two of the indicted people. Several others implicated in the government's indictment are still at large, and Black Panther Party Chairman Bobby Seale will probably stand trial on the charge that he ordered Rackley's death after learning that he was a police informant.</p> <p>Erika Huggins is the widow of John Huggins, who was killed in May of 1969 by members of the black nationalist group known as US. She is considered one of the most dangerous women in the United States.</p>  <p>American Outlaw Trading Cards</p>	<p>SOCIAL DEVIANT KOPPS ROGER PRIEST</p> <p>Seaman Roger Priest is charged with six violations of the Universal Code of Military Justice, the major ones being that he used his newspaper Om to "solicit" members of the military to defect, commit sedition, refuse duty, and generally act in an insubordinate manner. His trial takes place this month.</p> <p>Seaman Priest is part of a growing wave of disruption within the armed services. So-called "underground newspapers," the American Servicemen's Union, and G.I. coffee houses featuring anti-war literature and films are part of a campaign to bring The Movement onto bases throughout America.</p>  <p>American Outlaw Trading Cards</p>
<p>SOCIAL DEVIANT KOPPS LEE OTIS JOHNSON</p> <p>Johnson was sentenced to 30 years in August of 1968. According to Texas law, a sale takes place when marijuana is transferred from one person to another. Johnson was charged with giving an undercover agent a contraband cigarette in early 1968.</p> <p>Prior to his arrest, Johnson organized in the Houston and Austin areas. He is said to have incited destructive student demonstrations at Texas Southern University while associated with SNCC.</p> <p>Johnson's conviction and sentence set off wide-scale protests in Texas. Radicals claim that his arrest was politically motivated and that his recent transfer to the Huntsville State Prison is the equivalent of a death sentence.</p>  <p>American Outlaw Trading Cards</p>	<p>NATIVE AMERICANS KOPPS THE ALCATRAZ INDIANS</p> <p>Supported by white radicals, Native American Indians of many different tribes occupied Alcatraz Island in the San Francisco Bay. The island, formerly a correctional institute, has had a resident Indian settlement on it since November of 1969. The occupying coalition has announced plans for the establishment of centers of Native American study, Indian religion, ecology, and vocational training.</p> <p>These Indians are known to subscribe to the doctrine of "Red Power".</p>  <p>American Outlaw Trading Cards</p>	<p>THIRD WORLD REVOLUTIONARY KOPPS AHMED EVANS</p> <p>Ahmed "el Ibn Said" Evans is awaiting execution in Ohio after being convicted of causing the deaths of three police officers in Cleveland. Evans action is said to have led to a riot which swept the Hough district of that city.</p> <p>Evans was affiliated with several black nationalist organizations, and justified many of his revolutionary beliefs by reference to the occult. He used anti-poverty funds to purchase weapons and armor-piercing ammunition.</p>  <p>American Outlaw Trading Cards</p>
<p>SOCIAL DEVIANTS KOPPS THE OAKLAND SEVEN</p> <p>Indicted by a Grand Jury in Oakland, California on charges of "conspiracy to resist arrest and trespass" during the course of a demonstration at the Oakland Induction Center in late 1967.</p> <p>The 7 (Terry Cannon, Reese Ehrlich, Frank Bardacke, Jeff Segal, Bob Mandel, Mike Smith and Steve Hamilton) were charged with a felony under California's Conspiracy laws for their part in organizing the demonstration held during "Stop the Draft" Week. In a long and complex trial, all seven were acquitted.</p> <p>One of the Seven, Segal, has since been tried and convicted for draft resistance, and is now serving a four-year sentence in a Federal penitentiary.</p> <p>The other six are free and have continued their subversive activities, among them, the People's Park movement. They are under scrutiny for further seditious activity.</p>  <p>American Outlaw Trading Cards</p>	<p>THIRD WORLD REVOLUTIONARY KOPPS AFENI SHAKUR</p> <p>A member of the Black Panther Party, Shakur was jailed last April 2nd after 21 indictments were returned on charges of conspiracy to blow up a number of department stores, a railroad right-of-way, and the New York Botanical Gardens. The trial of "the Panther 21" began this February 2nd.</p> <p>Shakur is currently free on \$100,000 bail, granted three days before the opening of the trial. She and the fifteen other Panthers in court have caused repeated disruptions, on the premise that it is impossible to get a fair trial by people who they claim are not their peers.</p> <p>Self-proclaimed Black revolutionary.</p>  <p>American Outlaw Trading Cards</p>	<p>SOCIAL DEVIANTS KOPPS 200,000 POT SMOKERS</p> <p>Pictured at the right is the leader of this band of law-breakers. Of foreign origin, he has lured people from all walks of life into using marijuana to "get high." Nearly 200,000 of his disciples have been apprehended and are serving prison sentences, but the number of people loyal to his philosophy continues to grow.</p>  <p>American Outlaw Trading Cards</p>

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